# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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### TWO GOOD-NIGHTS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

She stood beneath the stars of June;
I held her slender hand in mine;
She sang a little tender tune,
That made the stillness half divine.

We said good-night beside the gate;
I kissed her cheek, and she was gone—
To come not back, though I should wait
Until the morning's rosy dawn.

Another time we said good-night:
She whispered as I kissed her brow,
"Good-night to you, but oh, to me
The angels say good-morning now."

And then beyond the sunset gate
That bars the portals of the West,
She passed, and I was left to wait
What time our Father deemeth best.

## GRAYMEAD:

OR,

## Episodes in a Quiet Life.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY AUGUST BELL.

### CHAPTER I.

Graymead half charmed and half chilled me when my husband took me there in our early married life to find a home with his widowed mother. My own native place was a busy manufacturing town, full of din and dust, and it held all us poor people as the magnet holds powdered steel, we could not escape, and we were only too glad to work for bread. Whenever I dreamed of any other kind of life, or any other home, my fancy pictured a hilly country with its blue peaks melting into misty sky, crags, precipices, cascades, or failing these, my longing turned to the wild free ocean-coast, where one can stand erect and breathe deep breaths of life. But I never dreamed of the vast, low, flat meadows where the gray fog rested at evening and morning, the dark, damp copses of hazel and willow, nor of the old irregularly built stone mansion which stately trees of a century's growth girdled so closely that there was hardly room for the sweet, coaxing sunshine to creep in. And this was Graymead, this was the manor of the Frothinghams. Within those walls how different my life has been from what my day-dreams were. My story was at first a little like the poor Lady of Burleigh, and how often in the earlier days those sad verses of Tennyson haunted me, though of course the Frothinghams had not nearly as much pomp and rank to boast of as the noble house of Burleigh. But my husband, too, was a "landscape-painter," and I was full of simple hope as the "village-maiden," when he asked me to marry him. My father worked hard as a clerk in the mills, on too small a salary for his needs, and my tired mother toiled early and late for her little family. I was the eldest, and could help with the books and help with the children, but sometimes I keenly felt how much it took to get me a gown or to buy my shoes, and oh, how I used to wish sometimes that some fairy god-mother would come and make us all rich for my sake. Yet in spite of all we were a loving and a happy family.

Then Arthur seemed to come down among us as a star falls. We had a room to rent to a lodger, and he took it, with his easel, sketch-book, paints and brushes. He was in the habit of wandering about the country, he said, from town to town, painting pictures, and stayed nowhere longer than a month. My little brothers were wild to get at his paints and dabble with them, and it kept me busy many a day trying to get them from his room to play elsewhere. Sometimes I had to tell them fairy tales at the very door to lure them out, and my face burned hot in my confusion when I found that Mr. Frothingham listened too. He had a gentle voice and a considerate kindness that touched my mother and myself as ruder benefits might not have done, and there was something about him that seemed fitted for caressing and indulgence. Without his saying very much, we gathered the idea that he depended for a living upon his work, and that he hoped soon to be settled permanently in some favorable location.

He fell in love with me. There was something in my face and manner, he said, that struck him like an echo of some of his sweetest dreams, and he was continually putting me in his pictures as a young pilgrim, a peasant-maid, or a fisher-girl. That was the sort of picture he liked best. And I, I was happier than any queen upon earth when I knew he cared for me in that way. And my parents admired and trusted him, half because he was so beautiful, I think, for no one could resist him if he looked sad or if he smiled. So we were married, and in the long gray twilights I used to lay my head on his knee and dream how happy I would make him when we had our own home, even if it was only two little rooms. For I could mend linen along a single thread, and cook dainty dishes out of almost nothing, and I always sang when I was happy, just like a robin, Arthur said.

At last he took me away suddenly. He had received letters from his widowed mother, he said, and we must go at once to see her. My idea of her was of a kind and gentle old lady, living in some humble home alone, and I meant to love her dearly and please her during our visit, for I never thought of its being more than a visit.

But when the coach drove with us in the dim twilight, past the acres of foggy meadows, and the weeping willows, and turned at last into the main avenue of the old neglected park, the wheels rolling softly over the fallen and decaying leaves, I, tired out with our long journey and hoping for rest, looked up in a sudden wonder. The gloomy stone walls of Graymead House showed sullenly through the trees, yet with a sort of grandeur that did not displease. From some of the upper windows a bright light streamed, but all the rest were cold and dark, with closed blinds inside. Arthur was whistling softly to himself as I put my head out of the coach to see better.

"What place is this, dear Arthur?" I asked.

"My mother's house and our home, little wife," he said; "I hope there's a good hot dinner for us, don't you?"

My heart sank with an unreasoning dread, but before I could utter it the coach stopped, and the driver flung our baggage down upon the broad stone steps. A man in livery came down from the door, and half doffed his hat with a careless "good-evening, sir," before he seized upon my little trunk.

"Stop, Berlops," said Arthur, "what's the news? Is my mother well?"

"Down sick sin' yesterday, but looking for you all day," answered the man gruffly. An uneasy look came over Arthur's face which did not tend to reassure me as I clung almost trembling to his arm. He followed Berlops up the stone steps, and in at the massive doorway. The hall was paved with stone, and its chill struck through my thin shoes, like a repelling welcome. Arthur threw open a side door which led into a library, as yet unlighted, and chilly too.

"You wait here a minute, Jane, that's a dear, and I'll send some one to show you to your own room," said my husband, and leaving me he ran lightly up stairs. I stood waiting for a few moments, and then as no one came I found a soft-pillowed sofa corner where I drew myself up like a dormouse, cold and tired, homesick and frightened. I wished Arthur had not left me. I was sure I heard his voice up stairs, and other voices with it, now loud, now low, and they only made my anxiety greater. It is not often that I am guilty of tears, but at last it grew so trying that I laid my head on the pillow and sobbed, for very nervousness.

A half-uttered exclamation close behind me made me start in alarm an instant after, and a short stout figure moved out in sight, dimly outlined against the gray light of the window. It was a gentleman, and hastily reaching for the bell-cord by the mantel, he pulled it energetically. In a trice a little old woman whom I afterwards found to be the housekeeper appeared with a candle in her hand, and curtsied at the door.

"Mrs. Dodd," said the gentleman abruptly, "show Mrs. Frothingham to the chamber prepared for her, and see that she has all she wants. Send Judith to wait on her."

As I had not been spoken to I did not speak, but rose and followed Mrs. Dodd with all the steadiness I could command. We went up one staircase and then up another, and there at the end of a long corridor Mrs. Dodd showed me my room. It was a large room illy-furnished, and but poorly lighted by the candle which she placed on a table for me. The chairs were old, the tapestry moth-eaten, but the lofty ceiling and frescoed walls ennobled the place, and there were some fine old paintings hung around, portraits which interested me. My trunk and Arthur's stood on the floor, and when Judith came by Mrs. Dodd's order she found me unstrapping them, and shrugged her shoulders.

"Can I help you to dress, ma'am?" she asked with a brisk ease.

"No, thank you," I said, "I am accustomed to dress myself without help. But I should be glad of a little fire, I am so cold."

"I don't make fires," she replied, "but Berlops will do it."

So Judith went, and I had to submit to a visitation from Berlops, who stared at me at every turn, spilled the wood with a bang, blew the smoke out in the room, and annoyed me every moment while he stayed. But at last I was left to myself, and taking off my hat and cloak I drew a little stool up by the fire, and sat there waiting for Arthur. So this was my husband's home, ah! with what oppressive dreariness it smote my heart.

I heard his step at last, as he came impatiently down the corridor, and flung open the door.

"So this is the room my mother chooses for my bride!" he exclaimed, as he strode in; "poor little Jane, you took me for better, for worse, you know!"

"Yes, Arthur," I answered, and I drew him down by my side. He and I were one, in any fate, and I tried not to show how grieved I had been feeling. But he found me out.

"O, the pitiful smile!" he said, "O, the frightened eyes! And now the cat's out of the bag, dear, and you must know all about it. You didn't marry me for money, and it's well you didn't, for I have precious little, but there's enough in the family to take care of us both I imagine. The fact is, Jenny, I'm the youngest son, and my mother can cut me off with a penny, if she has the heart to do it. Now comes the cat!—she didn't know we were married, dear, till she read my letter yesterday, and naturally she feels very hurt about it. So there's no hot dinner, but by-and-by we'll have a nice little supper, for I've coaxed Dodd. And in a few days mother'll kiss and make up."

Then he drew my head down on his knee in the old caressing way, but for a few moments even that could not make me glad, and I kept very still, I felt so disappointed. Then I said:

"Don't let's stay here, Arthur! We will go away, and make believe there is no one to give us a penny, and then you can paint beautiful pictures to sell, while I work too and take care of things. O, we can be so happy, Arthur, let us go!"

He sighed first, and then he laughed.

"No, no, little goose," he said, "this is home, and I have a right to marry after all. Why, child, I couldn't sell my pictures for enough to buy paints. I'm not very great, and I don't like to work very hard. I should go to the bad, in spite of you, my little angel. But here, it will all work in right pretty soon, and my lady will forget you were not always her daughter. Do you see, Jenny?"

Yes, I began to see, to see enough at least to make me very uncomfortable. But I would wait a little, I would bide my time, till I understood better all the influences and obstacles that lay in the way of my husband's self-reliance. But it was bitter and humiliating to be on such a footing, as I now for the first time dimly comprehended, with Arthur's mother. How the sweet visions faded. But at least I had his love, that was my sole comfort, and as I looked up at him with a real smile he bent and kissed me.

### CHAPTER II.

The next morning dawned cloudless. Almost before the sun shone through the old lace curtains, I sprang up refreshed from our journey, and ready to undertake life. Arthur never was an early riser, but my mother had taught all her children to be up with the lark. First I looked out of the window, it fronted east, and on that side some of the trees had been felled, so there really was a view, though it lacked sea and mountain.

"This is quite tolerable," I thought, and then I stole softly out in the hall and down the stairs, meeting no one on my way, nor stopping until I had unfastened a low window in the library and stepped out upon the lawn. And as I looked down the park and up again at the gray stone-house walls, it seemed more than half unreal to me, a vision ready to vanish. How had I come there? How could love of a few months' growth be so strong as to win me from my old life of narrow ways and dear belongings, to this strange and unwelcoming greatness? Ah, Love is the mystery, for its sake I could be patient.

I wandered along by the rank growing shrubbery as far as the east side of the house, and beneath the windows of our room. Away down the slope, where the trees had been cleared away, I could see a little brook winding along, and beyond that there was a high iron paling, the first boundary of the grounds. Now and then from tree to tree a squirrel ran. They say that squirrels drive away the birds. I suppose that is why I have so seldom heard birds sing around Graymead. There were more in the one old tree that grew behind my father's house.

Although the windows in the rear of Graymead were the only ones that looked east, yet it was from them alone that a view could be had of the neighboring village of Lammerton, and a strip of the highway road, edged with alders. From the front of the house and the sides little could be seen but the trunks and boughs of the immense trees that ended every vista-like opening, yet I knew that through them the main avenue wound leading down to the massive iron gates which groaned on their rusty hinges when they opened for us to pass the evening before.

The house itself was built irregularly and rambling, with unequal wings, and a square tower in front, the highest room in which my husband has since told me was where he used to hide away with his picture books and paints when a little boy. The south wing was the smallest and pleasantest, yet seemed to be occupied only by the servants, while the large north wing contained the rooms of state and the chambers for guests. This, however, I did not find out that first morning. I was walking quietly along, tracing with my eyes the growth of ivy upon the damp stone of the wall, when Berlops suddenly confronted me with a leer which made me long for some one to knock him down.

"There'll be no breakfast for three hours yet, mum," he said, with an evident feeling that I had no business to be moving so early.

"I do not object to the hour," I said coldly, when a light laugh from behind made me turn, and there was the short, stout man I had seen in the library, just emerging from a side door. Berlops retreated.

"Good morning, Mrs. Arthur Frothingham," said the new comer. "I see you are making acquaintances fast. Do you like dogs and horses? Mine will soon be here, for I am going to the hunt."

There was a gleam of good-nature in his eyes that mended the bluntness of his speech; and besides, I knew he was Arthur's brother, so was glad to be friends with him.

"I do not know much about horses, but I should like to see yours," I said, and then I asked him about the hunt. Berlops, with a manner suddenly respectful, went around to the stables; and while we waited, Mr. Frothingham told me of the many engagements he had for this month's shooting, and how excessively fond he was of every thing pertaining to the hunt. In fact, it might be seen that he neglected every thing else for it, for I afterwards learned that the stables were the only things about the place kept under inspection and in perfect order, and they must have been quite expensive. But, whatever his faults were, I did not dislike Leo Frothingham, for he was always kind to me, always considerate, and what he said I could implicitly trust.

We walked down the long avenue, under the stately trees, and when his great black horse Nabob was brought to the gate, I gained courage to pat its arching neck, and to say a good word to the eager hounds who longed to be starting off. With a courteous good-morning, Leo rode away, and I turned back to the house, having had all the brightness the day had in store for me.

For Arthur and I breakfasted by ourselves in the cheerless dining-room, and the poor boy was evidently ill at ease, though he put on a brave enough air. His mother was not able to come down, he said, but she would see me when our meal was done in her chamber. My heart sank, for I felt very much afraid of her, I dreaded coldness and unkindness so much in this sombre house, which was to take the place of my own warm, loving home. But my husband's people should be to me as my people, if possible, and with a little silent prayer in my heart I followed my dear Arthur up stairs.

His mother was still in her bed, propped up among the pillows, and her restless black eyes scanned me and criticised me as I approached her.

"This is Jane, my wife, dear mother," said Arthur, leading me to her. I took her hand, hoping that she would kiss me, but she took no notice.

"Very well, Arthur," she said, "she may sit here by me a little while, and we will excuse you. You are always so busy, you know! And Judith, you may go to your own room to ruffle my caps."

So I was left alone with her, and she made me sit where she could see my face all the while she talked. I never like to remember much of that hour; she was bitter and unjust; she called me unscrupulous and designing. She seemed to think that I had thrust myself upon Arthur and lured him on for the sake of rank and wealth, I, the daughter of a factory clerk. As for his loving me, she laughed at that; she had seen him in love too many times. I think that hurt me the most of all she said. While she was talking to me, I felt as if I must go away at once, run away from Arthur and get to my own father's home again; and there have been times since when I have felt the same, but fewer and fewer of them, thank God!

I said but little in return, for I would not have wept before her, but I told her she was mistaken in me and my motives, for I certainly thought Arthur a poor man, but I loved him, and I meant to be always a faithful wife to him.

"I hope you will," she said, with a sarcastic laugh, "he's a lazy fellow, and needs some one to wait on him!"

Then she rang her bell for Judith, and told her to toss up the pillows, and to draw the curtains so as to shield her eyes from the light. Judith went to work with a nonchalance that did not promise much ease to the invalid, and for very pity's sake, although I was about leaving the room, I turned and asked if I might not arrange her a little more comfortably. I smoothed her pillows carefully, as my mother had taught me, and then I lifted her back gently among them, so that she was at least sufficiently satisfied not to find fault. Then I went to find Arthur.

He was smoking in the library, with an anxious frown on his forehead.

"Well, little wife," he exclaimed, "did the ogre let you off alive?"

I crept close to his side, and he put his arm around me caressingly; I think he knew it had not been pleasant for me, but I had the feeling that he wished to avoid all violent outbreak if possible, and so I did not complain, unless indeed my eyes did as I looked up at him, for he said,

"Oh, tell-tale eyes!" and then he kissed them twice.

"Arthur," I asked by-and-by, "did you ever love anybody but me?"

"Why of course I did, little silliness, half a score at least. But I never wanted to marry anybody but you!"

That day we changed rooms, taking one on the second floor exactly beneath the one we had first occupied, for I liked that end of the house so much the best I told Arthur, for it had the morning sunshine. Mrs. Frothingham did not oppose the change, for by turns she petted Arthur and by turns scolded him. I busied myself in unpacking and putting away my few dresses and other little things, and helping Arthur arrange his easel by the window with his paint-stained palette and brushes. That seemed like old times, and I began to feel that in that room I could be happy. We got out his half-finished picture of Cleopatra and put that on the easel; and then Arthur went to work trying his warmest and deepest-toned colors.

"I may make my fortune out of this yet, Jane," he said, laughing, "I'm going to finish it for the Exhibition!"

"Oh, do try, Arthur!" I exclaimed, "can I help you any by posing for the attitude, as I used for the peasant pictures?"

"No, thank you, dear; 'tisn't quite in your line. I never knew but one woman who could sit for my Cleopatra. By the shade of Antony, I should like to see her again!"

"Who is she, Arthur?" I asked, for I always liked to hear him describe the beautiful ladies he had seen, he made them seem so unreal, in a sort of incense-cloud, and so far away from our common world. I used to wish I could meet some of them.

"She is Miss Hoffman," he explained, "a kind of hundredth cousin of ours, I believe, rich as Croesus; she visited here once, and made me feel as if I lived on lotus. I wish she would come again, and then I could finish my Cleopatra. By the way, I wonder where she is now!" And he discontentedly painted a pearl in Cleopatra's hand.

"Where can Berlops be going!" I said, suddenly, for glancing out of the window I saw him strolling along down the lawn, with his hands in his pockets, as independent as you please. But instead of following the clearing which would take him to the highway, he turned abruptly into a little thicket of shrubbery, and I suppose went on among the trees, for I lost sight of him.

"Oh, don't trouble about Berlops," said Arthur, "he's a lazy fellow, but as good as most. Don't trouble about him unless he's saucy to you, and then I'll horsewhip him!"

Arthur and I dined alone together again that day, and the dinner was just enough spoiled in the cooking to annoy a Spartan, let alone my fastidious husband. It commenced with the soup, grew worse with the gravy; and when at last a pie was put before us with an undercrust of soaked dough, Arthur grumbled audibly.

"I'll warrant my mother's steak is broiled to a turn," he said; "as long as she is suited, the rest of us may die of dyspepsia, for all they care in the kitchen!"

"Ah!" thought I to myself, "if we only had our two little rooms and a shilling a day, such dainty dishes as I could get up, even though we had to dispense with three of the courses at dinner, and never tasted venison!"

Leo Frothingham came home late that evening, all splashed with mud, and tired out with his day's sport, but in excellent spirits. On his way to his room, he tapped at our door, and when I opened it, he tossed a bluejay into my hands.

"There—I shot that on purpose for you," he said; "you can take its wings to put in your hat—women like such things, I believe. How do you like Graymead? Please tell me to-morrow, I'm too tired to listen to-night!"

And off he went in his blunt way, that made Arthur laugh. I found the poor bird was still alive, so I made it a warm nest in my work-basket, thinking I would save its life if possible and make a pet of it. The poor thing seemed to be stunned, and one of its legs was broken. Arthur made a sketch of it as it lay in my hand, with its pretty, drooping head, and promised to color it for me sometime.

The next morning I was surprised by a visit from Judith. This young woman had not deigned to notice me since that first evening when she found I could take care of myself. It was after breakfast, and I was wondering whether under all the circum-

stances I ought to go to Mrs. Frothingham's room to inquire how she had rested, when Judith came to my door, and with a rather constrained manner, told me her mistress wished me to come and shake up her pillows, as I did the day before, for she herself could not suit her at all this morning.

So I went, and did all the little things I could think of as nicely as I could, even to brushing my mother-in-law's hair, and bathing her face. It amuses me to think how easily and naturally I stepped into all these delicate little offices, for from that day, with no more being said, they seemed to devolve upon me. Yet she scarcely ever thanked me; she would talk sometimes about people in the lower walks of life knowing how to do little acts of attention, and about mercenary folks being always able to turn their hands to anything.

So she made life bitter-sweet to me, she could not quite make it bitter. Gradually I fell into a sort of routine that filled up the days, and did not leave me dissatisfied. At least two hours I spent every morning with Mrs. Frothingham; then I would take a walk in the grounds, either with or without Arthur, as it suited him. After that I would sit in my little easy chair by him while he painted, either busying myself with my sewing, or reading aloud to him, or petting the bluejay, which was getting quite well and very tame.

Sometimes we would go over to the neighboring village, to shop a little; and at those times, and on Sundays when we went to church, I used to look at all the strange people's faces and wish that I could have just one or two friends among them all. But then I always had Arthur; and there are so many in the world who have hosts of friends, who yet do not have the one love that makes life sweetest; these thoughts kept me from murmuring. But as I grew more contented, Arthur grew less so. I think he missed his old roving free life, and was getting tired of the quiet. I kept watch for this feeling in him, thinking that it might perhaps take such a turn as to send him out into the world again, and make us independent.

I found a place down in the park where I liked to end my walks, and rest awhile, thinking over things and building air-castles. It was cast from the house, and only a few steps from the clearing which lay in sight from my own window. I found it by chance, one of my first afternoons, as I wandered that way. Curiosity led me to look at the growth of shrubbery into which I saw Berlops once enter, and I found there was a narrow path half closed up leading through it. I pushed my way through, and came out into a willow copse where the moss was soft and green under foot, and the sunshine came glinting down through the graceful boughs above me. It was sheltered from the wind, so, even in the late Autumn, seemed warm and pleasant. There was one tree so old, that it had fallen over, breaking off in the trunk about six feet from the ground, and the part which fell was hollow where it broke, so I knew the remaining stump must be. I used to think if it was only out in the free country, perhaps the wild bees would come there to store their honey.

Once as I sat there leaning against it, Berlops passed whistling by. He stared at me but did not stop nor speak, to my relief, for I disliked him very much. I wondered where he could be going, but found afterwards that by crossing the park at that point a shorter cut to the village might be made. While I built my castles under those willow trees, I used to found them almost all on what we would do when in the natural way of things Arthur would tire of Graymead, and assert himself as an independent man. Sometimes I thought it would be soon.

But that day was to be postponed, and almost the desire for it too. For the things which were about to happen made life at Graymead anything but a level calm, anything but *ennui*.

## CHAPTER III.

Mrs. Frothingham had been writing letters—I had myself handed them to Berlops to carry to the post—and she had received replies which sent a gleam of triumph into her piercing black eyes.

She had been unusually gracious as I waited upon her one morning, listened with interest to my story of Leo's great strings of game, and Arthur's new pictures. As I turned to leave at last and had just reached the door, she called me back.

"Oh, by the way, my good creature," she said, "we are to have a guest in the house. That will make it pleasant for you! She is an old flame of Arthur's, I always wondered why they did not marry; but as he is trapped, there's Leo left. Who knows what may happen? Now I want you to exert yourself to make her visit comfortable. I dare say at your father's house you had to look out for everybody till you got a husband, so you won't mind the care. Ha! ha! I can't help laughing to think what Transitu Hoffman will say to you!"

"Transitu Hoffman?" I exclaimed, with quickened pulses.

"Yes, Transitu! An odd name, isn't it? She's named for some old Spanish godmother, who left her a fortune in ducats and jewels. The fates send us all such godmothers, say I! I think I should like a dowered daughter-in-law just to know how it seems! I hope Arthur will keep out of Leo's way!"

Just as she was speaking the last words I heard the sound of wheels stopping at the door and a commotion in the hall below. It startled us both; and in an instant more the door was thrown open, and a tall, slender girl in travelling dress rushed in past me, and threw her arms around Mrs. Frothingham's neck, kissing her volubly. For a moment I thought it was Miss Hoffman herself, and I think I never was more amazed in my life than when Mrs. Frothingham slowly extricated herself and exclaimed,

"Adele! my daughter! where did you come from?"

"Run away, mamma, almost!" replied the girl, in a clear accentuated voice. "The measles broke out in the Convent, and I made believe I was frightened to death and never had them, so *la soeur* Cecilia told the abbess I had better be among those sent home. And be sure I was!"

"But who brought you?" asked Mrs. Frothingham, faintly.

"Mon Dieu, mamma! Ah, I did not mean to swear, but of course the sisters took care of that! Le pere Francois took charge of five or six of us, and they dropped me on the way, at Hampton. There I took the train and flew home. Aren't you glad to see me, mamma!" she asked, mischievously.

"Why, certainly, Adele. But such unruly children; you take away my breath with your surprises. I did not expect to see you for six months!"

"But now I may stay, may I not? Say I may stay, mamma," demanded the girl, with a caressing imperiousness; "I have brought all my books and all my clothes, and said good-bye for ever to the dear saintly sisters, but the *soeur* Cecilia said mournfully, 'Not forever, I hope. Pray that our souls may meet.' So you see they won't expect me back."

"I don't know, child; you make my head ache. There's the key of your room; make Dodd put it in order. Perhaps Jane will see to it,—this is Jane, Arthur's new wife, Adele."

And her thin hand pointed at me. The girl drew herself up with a coy reserve that contrasted with the free abandon of a moment before, and taking my outstretched hand, gave me a "duty kiss" in a way that said plainly, "I must know you better before we are friends." But I did not dislike that.

"Now, go, both of you," said Mrs. Frothingham, "I want my nap."

"Shall we go to my room?" asked Adele, as we turned into the hall; "I suppose it is all must, and dust, and cobwebs!"

Her room was the first in the north wing, just where the halls crossed, and so only a few doors from my own. She turned the key and we went in, and began throwing open all the window shutters. It was a large room, with carved furniture, all of oak, and angels out in oak stood poised on the bed's head. Then there was Adele's library, not large but very dusty; and Adele's workstand tipped over in a corner, and the wardrobe doors wide open.

"Upon my word," said Adele laughing, "I do believe this room has not had a soul in it since I went. I remember so well throwing the workstand over in a heap because I detested sewing, and thought I was bidding good-bye to it for two years. Ah, me! but the sisters made me sew more than ever mamma did, and I was forced to learn to embroider, and hemstitch and cat-stitch and chain-stitch and tambour and work on canvas, and every thing. Then they sold the work we did, and it all went to buy stained glass windows for the chapel. Mine went towards a St. Michael. But my thread always got knotted and soiled, except once when I helped work on a bride's clothes. Then I kept my hands and heart clean. Such lovely vine-leaves as I worked on her handkerchiefs! Did you have nice embroidery when you married Arthur?"

"Not very much," I said, feeling suddenly quite un-bride-like, "I was a poor girl and I thought I was marrying a poor man." There I ended with a half-sigh.

"Ah, but that is charming!" she exclaimed with radiant face. "I thought—no, I mean I am so glad you thought Arthur a poor man. That makes it so beautiful. Then you love him very much? Then I will love you too."

"I love him very much," I repeated.

"I don't really know anything about love," she went on, "but the sisters did not wish us to speak of it, so that made me think about it always in the hours for meditation on holy things, and I always thought I would love somebody some day."

"Hallo, Dell, pell-mell!" cried Arthur, standing astonished by the door, and she flew to him and kissed him eagerly.

"O, Arthur! I'm home for good, tell mamma not to send me back. Won't we have a delicious time?" And she sang gayly,

"For I won't be a nun,
No, I won't be a nun!"

"Short dresses still, Dell!" exclaimed Arthur, looking at her more narrowly. "Why, you're eighteen, aren't you? Well, never mind, we won't let you be a young lady yet."

"O, Arthur, how are the hounds, and how is my own darling pony? I must go right out to the stable. How is my sweet Marjorie, Arthur?"

Arthur looked sorry and embarrassed. I did not understand it at all. She was suspicious in a moment.

"O, Arthur, you haven't let anything happen to Marjorie!"

"I believe our mother told Leo to sell her," he said in a hesitating way. Adele stood as if stunned for a moment. "*Ah, ciel!*" was all she said, in a voice that touched my heart; then turning, she went rapidly to her mother's room.

"It's too bad," muttered Arthur; "the fact is, there have been money troubles, and it's all in a tangle, so when the last school-bill was sent from the convent, the only way was to sell the pony. Dell has had it from a colt, it will vex her a good deal, I reckon."

"Poor Dell!" was all I said, but the troubling thought for the first time occurred to me, that perhaps Arthur's dependence made demands upon a scanty purse, a thought which did not lighten the care I already felt. O, for the two little rooms and a dinner of herbs!

That afternoon as Arthur sat at his easel, frowning over the picture of Cleopatra, and painting out her eyebrows, because they looked wrong to him, while I on an ottoman at his side was mending his stockings and singing "Auld Robin Gray," there was a tap on the door and in came Adele. Her cheeks were flushed, and I think she had been crying, but there were no traces of it in her voice as she exclaimed,

"Why, this is the pleasantest room in all the house, this is as it should be. Sister Jane, may I come here very often and sit by your window?"

"To be sure, dear," I said gladly, and my heart bounded because she had called me "sister." A friend at last!

"It is too bad to be breaking in on you," she went on, "but I wish you would come over to my room for just a minute, Jane. I want to ask you something." So I folded up my work, and went with Adele.

There, on her bed, lay all her dresses, and her workstand was set upright, with scissors, thread and needles all in order. She began to show me the dresses.

"There, Jane," she said, "some of these are tucked, you see, and almost all are turned in at the top; don't you believe I can make them into long dresses, and not have to buy new ones?"

"Certainly, I will help you," I answered, "but do you want them long, Adele?"

"Yes," she said soberly, "I'm not a child any more. That is all past. I want to be a woman now, and be of some use."

I felt sorry for her, for it seemed to me that some care had suddenly touched her, but I could not ask what, so I talked cheerfully, and measured the skirts of the dresses as they lay there. That evening we took our work to the library, Adele and I, she had ordered a fire made there, and it was so warm and cheerful that Leo and Arthur both joined us. It was the first sociable evening I had spent since we came to Graymead. It was then also that I made my first discovery of Leo's talent for music; seating himself at the little upright piano in the corner, he played from memory snatches of sweet old tunes, and beautiful airs, new to me, which were taken from the opera, Arthur told me. It was a late hour when we separated with friendly good-nights.

Next morning Mrs. Frothingham was hard to please, yet when Adele tried to assist me her mother scolded her away, and as usual would let no one but me do anything for her. It was strange, for she never failed all the while to make cutting remarks against me, hard to bear, though I was getting used to them.

"So you had music last night," she said, "that must have pleased Arthur, he loves music so dearly. It is a pity you had not a musical education, Jane; but never mind, when Transitu Hoffman comes she will sing and play to him all the time."

Adele started at her mother's words.

"Transitu Hoffman!" she exclaimed; "mamma, is she coming to Graymead again?"

"Why not, Adele? She will be here this day week, with her maid, and I want you to make ready the state-chamber in the north wing for her."

Adele sat in silence for some time, then when I was ready to leave the room she accompanied me.

"O, Jane," she said, "what shall we do? Company coming, and we must do so much to entertain Transitu; I know she will want parties and all such things, and—O, Jane—there is no money to do it with, and mamma won't understand and Leo don't care. I declare I wish I had stayed at the convent with the sisters, boggling over embroidery. Only if I had never gone there, Marjorie would not have been sold!" And the tears came into the girl's eyes as she spoke.

"I wish I could understand it better," I said gently, "then perhaps I could help."

"Why," said Adele, "every thing is running down and no one knows what to do. Leo don't mind as long as he can hunt all day. Arthur wouldn't believe it if he was told, and I never cared myself nor thought nor dreamed of it till I found why they sold my darling Marjorie. She was so gentle, Jane, she would rub her head against me and neigh so softly, and she would follow me every where through the park. Nobody ever touched a whip to her. She was used to being loved, and they sold her, sold my pony to a travelling jockey. O, *it breaks my heart!*"

I did not know what to say, but I smoothed her short brown hair with my hand.

"I made mamma tell me, though she said she would be worse for a month. I made them all tell me. Every year land has been sold, till now nothing is left but the great useless park and the house. So no rents come in. The carriage horses were sold to pay the doctor, but Leo has his and the hounds, so he don't suffer, and mamma doesn't care to drive. If they had only kept Marjorie!" (CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

## LOVE'S FLOWER-GARDEN.

I planted a garden for you, Love—
A garden deep down in my heart:
Wild wishes I scattered and true love,
With tear-drops that bud when we part;
And I never was weary of sowing
Heart-whispers, with tendrils to cling;
And I sat down and longed for the blowing,
And sighed for the kisses of Spring.

She came, and our knees bent before her,
My flow'rets leapt up from their bed,
When she summoned them forth to adore her,
For the blue of her hyacinth head;
And I cried to sweet summer to linger,
When she shone with her glories untold:
Your lips were rose-touched with her finger,
Your tresses regilt with her gold.

Sad Autumn came stealthily creeping,
With its rain of russet and pain;
And the love which had blossomed lay sleeping,
Or stooped with the weight of the rain.
Red leaves fell in sorrow around us,
And under the ear was the blight;
The fire of the roses which bound us
Died out in the dark of the night.

Oh pitiless Winter and cruel,
To slay what the Autumn laid low!
The flame was alive, but the fuel
Was crushed with the weight of your snow.
Not a trace of the Spring and its blue,
Love;
Not a flower from the Summer to save:
I can twine but a garland of yew, Love;
My garden is changed to a grave!

☞ The increasing prevalence of a bitter tone towards women in literature, is very marked since the inauguration of the "Female suffrage" movement. As the Female orators generally denounce all men, as if they positively hated the whole sex, so many male writers now indulge in flings and sneers at all women. One folly (not to say wickedness) naturally begets the other. But anything that tends to range the two sexes in two hostile classes has a most pernicious tendency.

☞ The cost of registration in Virginia was $220,000, and the cost of the military establishment in the state for the last ten months is $5,000,000, which is all paid out of the national treasury.

☞ Dr. Hall says: "To be a great orator, a peerless beauty, or the star of the social circle, whether man or woman, is the next door to being lost." [If so, would it not be better to be a clod or a stone at once?—*Ed. Post.*]


# SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVE'R 23, 1867.


NOTICE.—We do not return rejected manuscripts, unless they come from our regular correspondents. Any postage stamps sent for such return will be confiscated. We will not be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

OUR PREMIUM ENGRAVINGS.—Do our readers generally know that the steel Engravings we offer as Premiums—especially the new one of "WASHINGTON AT MOUNT VERNON," is worth of itself the yearly subscription price of THE POST? For that matter, we doubt that three dollars would buy a steel engraving of the picture-dealers, of equal size and excellence. And yet we give this engraving, worth of itself about $3.00, to every one who subscribes for THE POST, and pays for it in advance.

The engraving of "One of Life's Happy Hours" is also a beautiful and finely executed picture, and well worth framing.

We offer these engravings at one dollar apiece to club subscribers, but we do not wish this to be taken as a proof that we estimate their value at that low price. Engravings of similar size and cost are being constantly sold throughout the country at $2.50 and $3.00. For these are finely executed *steel* engravings—they are not common wood engravings or lithographs.

PROBABLY A MISTAKE.—We see the following in a New York paper:—

"Miss Anna E. Dickinson visited the School Ship at Boston the other day, by invitation of Judge Russell. She made an address to the boys which pleased them. She was invited to the cabin and asked to place her name in a book kept for the purpose of preserving the autographs of distinguished visitors. After writing her own name there, she turned over the leaves of the book and discovered the autograph of Andrew Johnson. She deliberately took a pen and erased the name of Mr. Johnson. At the time Captain Matthews was not on board the ship. Upon getting on board, and learning the above facts, he at once erased the name of Miss Dickinson, and wrote under, or opposite the name of Mr. Johnson, that his name had been erased by Anna E. Dickinson."

We judge the above to have originated in a false report of some kind. Miss Dickinson would hardly be likely to commit such a breach of "the proprieties."

## THE METEORS.

The Meteors played their "star engagement," according to announcement, on the morning of Thursday, the 14th. As the performance did not begin until about two o'clock, the audience was comparatively small. The sect of "Wide Awakes," and the "We won't go home till morning" boys, of course were in full attendance. According to gentlemen attached to these persuasions, the display was very creditable. At four o'clock the performance culminated in a grand *feu-de-joie* of green, blue and red lights—at the rate of about 200 to 300 a minute. About 15,000 meteors, it is estimated, were present on this interesting occasion.

Seriously—the meteoric shower is reported to have shown itself with great splendor at the expected time in all this eastern portion of the Union. What it is, philosophers now estimate as follows:—

The meteoric shower is caused by the passage of the earth and its atmosphere through a stream of nebulous or cloudy matter, loosely aggregated, which stream has an orbit reaching in a long ellipse from a perihelion point near the sun, to an aphelion point near the orbit of the planet Uranus. From the length of time—say an hour and a half—taken up by the earth in passing through the denser part of the shower, the *thickness* of the stream is believed to be about three times the diameter of the earth, or about 30,000 miles. The *length* of the stream of meteoric matter must be many millions of miles, as it consumes some eight or nine years in passing that part of the earth's orbit which our planet reaches about the 12th to the 15th of November each year. This is held to account for the great difference in the display, in different years, as the earth sometimes passes through the very centre of the stream, as in 1833 and 1833, and at others through the thinner sides of it, as in 1866 and 1867. With respect to the distance of the meteors from the earth at the time of their appearance it is estimated on the average at from forty to one hundred miles—though the present display may have afforded more accurate data to determine this point. That the meteors are somehow allied with the comets, is now generally believed.

## THE LETTER I.

Among the many inroads upon the English language which are continually being made, there is one that seems to demand particular attention on account of the favor it appears to receive from so many persons, especially among the more educated classes. This is an incorrect pronunciation of the letter i, which in many words, both of foreign and native origin, is deprived of its true sound, while that of long e, as heard in *meet, street,* &c., is substituted.

This false pronunciation is probably partly the result of the continual introduction of so many foreign words and phrases into our language; but it is also due in a great degree to the fact that a large number of the people of this country are well acquainted with many of the European languages, and are thus led into a foreign style of pronunciation often merely because of its novelty, but without any authority whatever.

There is not a finer sound in the English language than that expressed by the full, diphthongal i: but when, in an absurd endeavor to improve its true pronunciation, this is exchanged for the weak, squeezed up sound of e, and such words as *Palestine, Geraldine, Torfrida, Edwina,* are turned into *Palesteen, Geraldeen, Torfreeda, Edweena,* it seems to show a very perverted taste indeed.

In many of the Continental languages, the French and Italian for instance, the i is always pronounced like our long e; and in words derived from those languages, as *castile, machine, intrigue,* &c., it is of course proper to give it this sound; but in words of Saxon or Latin origin we cannot see what excuse there is for so doing. It is by no means certain that the old Romans gave this sound to their i, and as long as the subject admits of so much doubt, there seems to be no reason why we should adopt a foreign method of pronunciation in preference to our own.

In words of Saxon origin there can be no doubt as to the true pronunciation of the i, and the only object in giving it a foreign sound appears to be, as we said before, a desire for some change or variety, or perhaps there may be persons who foolishly consider a foreign style of pronunciation more genteel.

There is a dignity and power in the sound of the true Anglo-Saxon i, which ought not to be sacrificed to any fancied elegance or improvement. How it stands out, full of strength and beauty, in such common English words as Viking, lion, time, might, right, strike, blithe, wild, wise, sublime, divine, fire, spire, iron, icy, defiance, diamond, silence, triumph, Zion, rival, exile, giant, and many others. It seems, as it were, to constitute their very life. But substitute an e sound for that of the i,—turn them into Vecking, leon, teem, meet, &c., and their nobility is gone, their entire character seems changed.

## ANCIENT PURITANISM.

The recent republication of that once celebrated poem, "THE DAY OF DOOM," calls very forcibly to mind the stringent religious views of the "Puritan Fathers." No work was more generally known and read throughout New England in the early period of its history, than this poem, the production of Michael Wigglesworth, A. M., a celebrated divine. Setting forth in vivid language the prevailing theological opinions of the day, it was of course received with the greatest favor; and the first edition, consisting of 1,800 copies, was sold within a year—showing a popularity, which, considering the population of New England at the time, was almost equal to that of "*Uncle Tom's Cabin.*" The work passed through quite a number of editions, and soon became an almost necessary thing in the house of every New England Puritan, often being committed to memory at the same time with the catechism; but within the last century its popularity has declined, and it is now very seldom heard of.

Michael Wigglesworth, the author of this poem, was born in the year 1631, in Yorkshire, England; but his father, fleeing from the persecution to which all the Puritans were exposed, came to this country in 1638, when young Michael was about seven years old. After three years of preparatory study, Wigglesworth entered Harvard College, and having graduated, was soon after appointed a tutor in the institution. About 1656 he was ordained teacher of the church at Malden, but on account of sickness he was often prevented from attending to his ministerial duties, and at one time he took a voyage to Bermuda, in the hope of obtaining some benefit therefrom. He, however, employed himself with literary labors when not able to take charge of his church, and besides the "DAY OF DOOM" he wrote several other religious works, some of which were published. He died on the 10th of June, 1705, in the 74th year of his age.

The "DAY OF DOOM," though lacking many of the finer qualities of poetry, is yet well versified, and possesses considerable literary merit; but it is probable that the conscientious author never allowed any poetical considerations to interfere with his endeavor to teach sound theological principles, and he may have often sacrificed his better taste to his sense of right and duty.

The poem, as the title tells us, is a description of the Judgment Day; and a great part of it is devoted to an account of the numerous pleas and excuses offered by the different kinds of transgressors, and the way in which these are answered by the Judge. Among the wicked are the reprobate infants, who pleaded as their defence that they had died soon after birth, and therefore could be guilty of no bad action towards any one. The reply which the Judge is represented as making to these, shows what was the belief of many of the old Puritans on this subject. The argument of the infants is taken off in this wise:

Then answered the Judge most dread:
"God doth such doom forbid,
That men should die eternally
for what they never did.
But what you call old Adam's Fall,
and only his Trespass,
You call amiss to call it his,
both his and yours it was.

"He was designed of all Mankind
to be a public Head;
A common Root, whence all should shoot,
and stood in all their stead.
He stood and fell, did ill or well,
not for himself alone,
But for you all, who now his Fall
and trespass would disown.

"If he had stood, then all his brood
had been established
In God's true love never to move,
nor once awry to tread;
Then all his Race my Father's Grace
should have enjoy'd for ever,
And wicked Spirits by subtile sleights
could them have harmed never.

Would you have griev'd to have receiv'd
through Adam so much good,
As had been yours for evermore,
if he at first had stood?
Would you have said, "We ne'er obey'd
nor did thy laws regard;
It ill befits with benefits,
us, Lord, to so reward!"

"Since then to share in his welfare,
you could have been content,
You may with reason share in his treason,
and in the punishment.
Hence you were born in state forlorn,
with Natures so depraved;
Death was your due because that you
had thus yourselves behav'd.

According to the Scriptural prophecy, "many are called but few are chosen;" mothers are separated from their children and husbands from their wives; friends, as-

sociates, and whole families are disunited in this division of the good from the evil. The way this separation is regarded by the "elect" is described as follows:

One natural Brother beholds another
in his astonied fit,
Yet sorrows not thereat a jot,
nor pities him a whit.
The godly Wife conceives no grief,
nor can she shed a tear
For the sad state of her dear Mate,
when she his doom doth hear.

He that was erst a Husband pierc'd
with sense of Wife's distress,
Whose tender heart did bear a part
of all her grievances,
Shall mourn no more as heretofore,
because of her ill plight,
Although he see her now to be
a damn'd forsaken wight.

The tender Mother will own no other
of all her num'rous brood,
But such as stand at Christ's right hand,
acquitted through his Blood.
The pious Father had now much rather
his graceless Son should lie
In Hell with Devils, for all his evils,
burning eternally,

Than God most High should injury
by sparing him sustain;
And doth rejoice to hear Christ's voice
adjudging him to pain.

The sentence of condemnation having been pronounced upon the doomed,

They wring their hands, their caitiff-hands,
and gnash their teeth for terror;
They cry, they roar for anguish sore,
and gnaw their tongues for horror.
But get away without delay,
Christ pities not your cry;
Depart to Hell, there may you yell,
and roar Eternally.

They are then taken in charge "by Angels stout;" who, having led them to the "brink of Hell,"

Cast them all, both great and small,
into that Lake forever,
Where day and night, without respite,
they wail, and cry and howl,
For tort'ring pain which they sustain,
in Body and in Soul;

while

The Saints behold with courage bold,
and thankful wonderment,
To see all those that were their foes
thus sent to punishment.
Then do they sing unto their King
a Song of endless Praise;
They praise his Name and do proclaim
that just are all his ways.

From the passages we have quoted, the reader may get some idea of the doctrines inculcated in this poem. They are such as were almost universally held throughout New England in the time of the Puritans, and were firmly believed in by that zealous people, who, although they were often mistaken, were undoubtedly sincere in their desire to maintain the Truth, and do what was right. Their greatest fault was intolerance—it was always difficult for them to understand why doctrines and practices which were so plain to them, should not be equally plain to everybody else—and they were inclined to impute that difference of views to mental perverseness, and even to natural depravity, which was only the result of a different mental and spiritual experience or organization. Thus their idea of Liberty was often merely the liberty of forcing other men to do what "the saints" thought right—they themselves being "the saints," beyond all peradventure. But, although this narrow and dogmatic idea has not yet entirely passed away in New England, the change in the course of a century has been very wonderful; and that even so-called "sinners" have their just rights as well as the "saints," and sometimes hold even wiser views of what is best for society and the country, is now generally admitted.

### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LETTERS FROM EUROPE. By JOHN W. FORNEY, Secretary of the U. S. Senate, Proprietor of the "Philadelphia Press," &c., with a Portrait of the Author. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia. These letters, now collected and carefully re-written and revised, were written literally "on the wing," while their author was making a rapid four months' tour in Europe. Colonel Forney trusted largely to his own observation, and very little to guide-books and hand-books of travel, and put his impressions upon paper as they arose. Hence came that freshness of thought and ease of expression, which, nearly as much as the large amount of information which they communicate, has won a popularity for these letters, which, we believe, will be increased and made permanent by their appearance in book-form. The course of his travels was as follows: From New York to Liverpool, Mr. George Peabody being a fellow-voyager; some days at Liverpool, thence through the manufacturing districts of the north of England to Sir Francis Crossley's great carpet factory at Halifax, Yorkshire; some weeks' residence in London, during which he visited and has graphically described the House of Parliament, the various places of public amusement, the Peabody buildings, Mr. Spurgeon's chapel and preaching, the Langham Hotel, the Crystal Palace, Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's Cathedral, the Tower of London, and the Thames Tunnel. In England, he also describes Windsor Castle, Oxford University, the old city of Chester, and Eaton Hall, the provincial palace of the Marquis of Westminster, the wealthiest man in Europe. Besides these, he gives passing and incidental sketches of eminent public men. He carried the same searching observation into Paris, Switzerland, Germany, Belgium, and Holland. The result is a readable and reliable book of over four hundred pages, printed on good paper, and well bound in cloth. Price Two Dollars a copy.

DR. WILNER'S LOVE; OR, A QUESTION OF CONSCIENCE. A Novel. By MARGARET LEE, author of "Arnold's Choice." Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by D. Ashmead, Chestnut St., Philada.

ORIGIN, RISE, AND PROGRESS OF MORMONISM. Biography of Its Founders, and History of Its Church. Personal Remembrances and Historical Collections Hitherto Unwritten. By Pomeroy Tucker, of Palmyra, New York. The author of this volume was born in the locality where Mormonism took its rise. He was well acquainted with "Joe Smith" and all the Smith family, and with most of the early followers of Smith; and was editorially connected with the *Wayne Sentinel* when the "Book of Mormon" was printed on its press in 1830. In the progress of the printing he read many of the proof-sheets, comparing them with the manuscript, and had familiar interviews with the pioneer Mormons, Smith, Cowdery and Harris. The author refers to a number of gentlemen who were also neighbors and contemporaries of Smith, to substantiate his statements. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by D. Ashmead, Phila.

CLIMBING THE ROPE; OR, "GOD HELPS THOSE WHO TRY TO HELP THEMSELVES." By MARY MANNERING; and "Alexis the Runaway; or, Afloat in the World." By MRS. ROSA ABBOTT PARKER. With engravings. Two volumes for children published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; and also for sale by E. H. Butler & Co., Philada.

COMETH UP AS A FLOWER. An autobiography. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

### A French Romance.

About a month ago, a young man, salesman in one of the leading houses in Paris, saw a young lady enter, to whom, during the past eight or ten days, he had sold a number of dresses, shawls, gloves, etc. By her accent he surmised that she must be a New York lady. The stranger was very pretty, and naturally the young man made himself agreeable and attentive. Whenever she visited the store she always addressed herself to him, and, while examining the articles he placed before her, talked much. The day we speak of she was far less communicative than usual; and, after having made a somewhat hurried selection, she said to the clerk—

"I shall be at the hotel in one hour; here is the address. Be kind enough to accompany the porter when he brings these articles."

With these words she bowed reservedly, and left the store.

The young man was at a loss what to think. However, an hour later he entered the apartment of the American lady, who invited him *sans façon*, like an acquaintance of long standing, to lunch with her. Although thinking his customer's manners somewhat strange, the clerk accepted. While partaking of tea and cakes, the young lady somewhat abruptly addressed her guest, saying—

"Sir, are you brave enough to protect a woman against any insult to which she may be subjected? Answer me with truth and candor."

"Without conceit, I say yes," answered the young man.

"Very well. You work in order to make money. Is it not so?"

"Certainly."

"This is what I wish to propose. I am alone, or almost alone, in the world; my fortune or my actions concern no one but myself. I wished to see the exhibition and know Paris. But I perceive that there is nothing more difficult than for a woman to be in your country without a protector. You please me, and, if you do not object, you shall be my champion. I will repay you for your lost time."

The young man tried to speak, but she immediately resumed.

"I insist on remunerating you; this is strictly a matter of business; I regard it in that light. Accept or decline. Which shall it be?"

"I accept," answered the clerk, after a moment's hesitation.

"I am satisfied," continued the stranger, "that you are a gentleman, and will not make yourself ridiculous by making love and flattering me, for I warn you that the very first compliment you pay me ends our contract. Is it agreed?"

"Madam, I am at your service."

"From to-morrow."

"From this moment! I require only time to write to my employers."

And the terms of this extraordinary compact were entered into by the latter.

The clerk was charming; he proved himself intelligent, attractive, delicate, without all that small talk men generally delight to inflict on women. In fact, the American lady was truly delighted with the choice she had made. Two weeks ago she handed the amiable clerk a heavy roll of bills, and they separated mutually pleased with each other.

But it happened as the lady was about to embark for England, thence to embark for America, a commissioner hastened towards her and inquired if she was Miss X. Upon answering in the affirmative, he placed a small box and a letter in her hand. The box contained a diamond set, the letter a few words only, but so well chosen to express true affection that the young lady started, not for London, but back to Paris. It is needless to say that the letter was from the young clerk, who had taken this method of returning the money forced upon him by the young lady for services rendered. (He had not given her his address, thinking the matter was ended.) He was not likely to have returned to his former employer. Ultimately she learned he had taken in another house a situation far inferior to the one he had formerly occupied. Probably till then she was undecided as to her course, for when she heard this her mind was made up. She wrote; he came at once. They will be married soon.

☞ A young lady recently died in Elgin, Ill., and at her funeral, when her relatives and friends were taking a last look at the loved face, a young man to whom she had been engaged, and who had presented her with an engagement ring but a short time before her death, deliberately bent over the corpse, and in the presence of all in the church, removed the ring from her finger and walked off with it.

☞ Attorney General Stanabery has published an opinion, presumed to be unofficial, in which he says there can be no constitutional meeting of Congress before the first Monday in December.

## NEWS OF THE WEEK.

KANSAS.—Official returns of the election in Kansas, from 21 counties, and the reported vote in six others, show a majority against negro suffrage of 7,598, and against female suffrage of 8,455. The majority in favor of disfranchising disloyalists is 650. The Senate will stand 20 Republicans to 5 Democrats, and the House probably 60 Republicans to 25 Democrats. The vote for negro suffrage was 5,095; against, 13,563. For female suffrage, 5,043; against, 16,468. For disfranchising disloyal persons, 9,253; against, 8,603.

ALABAMA.—General Swayne has ordered that the freedmen in Alabama have a lien on the crops for their wages. In the Reconstruction Convention, a resolution has been introduced to compel former slave owners to pay wages to their negroes from the date of the Emancipation Proclamation to May 20, 1865. The Convention has suspended action on the franchise until it shall learn the views of leading Republicans at Washington on the question.

WASHINGTON.—President Johnson was serenaded by the Conservative Army and Navy Union in Washington last week, and made a speech expressive of gratification at the result of the recent elections.

MINNESOTA.—The Republicans have a majority of about 31 on joint ballot in the Legislature—last year 41. The result of the vote on negro suffrage is still uncertain.

MISSISSIPPI.—Returns of the election in Mississippi, from over half the state, show that the convention has been carried, with a large Radical majority. Only one Conservative is reported elected thus far. The Conservatives generally did not vote.

ARKANSAS.—Returns of the election in Arkansas show that the convention has been carried in that state.

NEW YORK.—Official returns from 47 counties of New York state, with the reported majorities in the remaining 13, show the Democratic majority to be 48,022.

VIRGINIA.—The U. S. Circuit Court at Richmond has adjourned, and the Chief Justice returned to Washington. It is reported that he will not preside at the Davis trial.

NEW YORK CITY.—The municipal canvass is progressing with spirit. With three candidates for the Mayoralty in the field—Hoffman (Tammany), Fernando Wood (Mozart), and Darling (Republican), it cannot be said that every variety of political taste has not an opportunity to be suited.

TEXAS.—The loss of property by the recent tornado at Metamoras is estimated in a report to the State Department at $5,000,000; 600 houses were destroyed in the city, and 20 persons are reported killed and 40 or 50 injured. The destruction was very great all along the Rio Grande.

BALTIMORE.—A son and a nephew of Henry A. Wise shot and wounded Ed. A. Pollard recently in Baltimore. The young men were arrested. It is alleged that the young Wises came from Richmond to revenge themselves on Mr. Pollard for certain strictures he had made in a communication upon ex-Governor Wise, in reply to an attack by the latter on the book entitled "Lee and his Lieutenants," of which Mr. Pollard is the author, as he is also the author of the "Lost Cause." It is time such street assaults were severely punished. The whole South is greatly injured by them.

### Foreign Intelligence.

ITALY.—The Pope, when receiving the French staff, said he was always happy in having French troops about him, but never so much so as during his late peril. He thanks the officers and France and its Emperor for deliverance, and grieved that Italy had sent, as its vanguard, anarchists with flags of rapine and devastation. The valor of the Papal troops had defended the Papal soil, but the French had come to crown their splendid defence of the city. After referring to Catholic sympathy throughout the world, he gave the French army, the Emperor Napoleon and France his blessing.

The feeling in Italy against the French has reached a perfect *furore*. The authorities have taken steps to prevent another outbreak, which is deemed imminent, and more French troops have been despatched from Toulon to Civita Vecchia. King Victor Emmanuel and Gen. Menebrea have become very unpopular. Ratazzi has joined the Radicals, and the King has called out the reserves, and ordered the formation of three large camps. Garibaldi is still in confinement.

A Florence paper, the Gazette, publishes a diplomatic note from Prime Minister Menebrea, which declares that the suppression of the temporal power of the Pope is indispensable to the maintenance of good relations between France and Italy.

The Moniteur du Soir admits that the French infantry, armed with the Chassepot rifle, and artillery supplied with rifled cannon, took part in the battle of Monte Rotondo, and their coming to the assistance of the Papal troops, decided the fate of the day against Garibaldi.

The Monitour, in its official column, announces that the Emperor seeing that Italy is resolved to do her duty and fulfil all her obligations under the September convention, has withdrawn the French troops from Rome and other Papal territory to Civita Vecchia.

THE HURRICANE AT ST. THOMAS.—Our Consul at St. Thomas, under date of Oct. 31st, in writing to Secretary Seward, says that the hurricane with which the island was visited on the 29th of that month was the most frightful of any since 1837. The town, he adds, is deserted. Hardly a house is left with a roof, and hundreds are totally destroyed. The harbor is one scene of wrecks, but none of our men-of-war were here. The Monongahela and Marblehead are in St. Croix, and safe. Up to the 1st of November, the bodies of 250 sailors have been washed ashore.

Fortunately, the hurricane occurred in the day, from 11 until 5 o'clock. If it had occurred in the night, the loss of life on shore would have been frightful.

ENGLAND.—The Cabinet of England (which for a long time has had the subject under consideration) has resolved to place all the telegraph lines of Great Britain under the direction of the Post-office Department. The food riots still break out occasionally.

AWFUL EVENT IN THE WEST INDIES.—The submerging of the Island of Tortola, in the West Indies for eight hours, and the drowning of ten thousand persons by the disaster, is reported by a telegram from Cuba. It is said to have been caused by a flood following a great gale that prevailed in the West Indian seas, on November 7th. Tortola was one of the group of Virgin Islands, belonging to Great Britain, and it was about twelve miles long and from two to four miles broad. Its population in 1851, was about 10,000. We give this report as we receive it, but hope that it will not be confirmed, and at any rate do not see how an island, with mountains on it 1,600 feet high, as is the case in Tortola, can be totally submerged. It may be the town only was submerged.

GERMANY.—The third Parliament of the Confederation of North Germany assembled on November 15. The session was opened by the King of Prussia, who declared that the relations of the Confederation with the other nations of Europe were entirely satisfactory. Foreign powers all appreciated and respected the pacific aims of Prussia. In regard to the progress of German unity, he said the conflict with two States of South Germany, now allied with Prussia, was no longer to be feared. In settling the question of the future relations of the South German States with the Confederation, the Prussian Government would studiously endeavor to reconcile the views of their Catholic subjects with the internal and international interests of the whole fatherland. The King concluded his speech with the declaration that the preservation of peace in Europe was now certain.

### An Absurd Query.

The following, "how is it?" from a newspaper, is of course an absurdity, but it gives rise to reflection:

"Suppose a man and a girl were to get married—the man thirty-five years old, and the girl five years, this makes the man seven times as old as the girl; they live together until the girl is ten years old; this makes the man forty years old, and four times as old as the girl; and they still live until she is fifteen, the man would be forty-five, this makes the man three times as old, and they still live until she is thirty years old; this makes the man sixty, only twice as old, and so on. Now how long would they have to live to make the girl as old as the man?"

AN inquest was recently held at Liverpool on Miss Eliza Adams. The deceased belonged to a small religious sect called Sandemanians or Glassites, and had lately become very unsettled in her mind, and declared it had been revealed to her that the judgment day was close at hand, that the last trumpet would sound, and she would be caught up to heaven alive. One Sunday morning she attended service as usual, and upon returning home she declared that she had heard the trumpet sound. On the Monday and Tuesday following she was very restless and excited. On the Tuesday evening she went up to a room in the garret, and threw herself down into the garden below. She was so frightfully injured as to be beyond medical aid. The brother-in-law of the deceased said he had no doubt she jumped from the window under the impression that the judgment day had come, and that she was able to fly.

☞ The meteoric shower was witnessed at the Dudley Observatory in Albany, at Yale College in New Haven, at Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, at New Orleans, in California, and nearly everywhere else on this continent. In Greenwich, England, no display whatever, was visible. The reports from the various observatories agree in the main as to the number of the meteors and brilliancy of the display.

☞ At Hartford, Ct., there is a wealthy and miserly farmer, who quarrelled with his wife fifteen years ago, and though they live in the same house and eat at the same table, they have not spoken to each other since. Two daughters, well along "in the thirties," complete this "happy family."

☞ BE KIND.—How desirable is the presence of one who has ever hanging on his lips, ready for utterance, a word of love! His entrance into any place is like a bright, dancing sunbeam, warming the hearts and reviving the spirits of all. Eyes sparkle with joy when he approaches, and shadows flee away. When death snatches one from our household, and when we gaze upon the rigid features of our departed dear one, then we will never regret the gentle words spoken, and the kind acts done, but we will regret every unkind sentence that has ever issued from our lips.

☞ A fat, blooming widow, who keeps a millinary shop in New Orleans, has buried seven husbands, and is now about taking an eighth one to her ardent bosom. Her first husband died in a foreign land; the second in 1849 in that city; the third lived till 1852; the fourth died the following year; the fifth in 1857; the sixth in 1858; the seventh lived till 1864. Since that time the widow has lived cold and lonely. Without a particle of envy the entire community wishes No. 8 that is to be much felicity and happiness.

☞ The moustache and goatee were first worn in Spain to distinguish Christians from Moors, this being as nearly the form of the cross as the beard can be cut.

☞ What happiness it must be to live in Germany, where, for thirty years, since the railroad system was established, not one person has been killed by a railroad disaster.

☞ Louis Napoleon's model tenement houses are a failure. The workmen call them barracks, and will not live in them if they can get rooms elsewhere.

☞ It is stated that all the sleigh-bells made in the United States are manufactured in Chatham, Conn. There are seven factories in that town devoted to this branch.

☞ Vesuvius, the volcano near Naples, is announced again to be in volcanic action. A great eruption is feared. New craters have been formed, and red hot stones and lava ejected in quantities, while a pillar of flame ascended, the surrounding earth being in tremulous motion.

☞ The antiquity of man has always been a subject of profound interest to scholars and antiquarians. During the recent meeting of the British Association it was asserted most positively, as the result of a careful exploration of Kents Cavan, in Devonshire, that man occupied that country at the time when the cave lion, hyena, bear, rhinoceros, mammoth, and other animals now extinct lived and flourished.

### An Epic.

The Memphis Post says the following verses were written by a small boy of Dresden, Tenn. What a brilliant future the lad has before him:—

She heaved and sot, and sot and heaved,
And higher her rudder flung—
And every time she heaved and sot
A worser leak she sprung.

The captain walked the biler deck,
The boat she sunk and shivered,
Then down she went, and if she's stopped,
The stop aint been diskivered.

The water rushed into the leak,
As hard as it could tare—
And the captain walked the biler deck
A taren of his hare.

The captain to the top he riz,
And as he riz he said:
"The boat can go to thunder,
But save my chambermaid!"

☞ The Chicago Tribune (Radical) upon the confiscation question, asks, with great wisdom, why a man should buy land with a law suit and a feud attached, when he can have a farm for nothing by settling on it in the Northwest?

☞ Corn sells for forty cents a bushel and cotton for eight cents a pound in Texas.

☞ The Free Masons in Iowa refuse to admit negroes into their Lodges.

☞ The opening of a grave in Harrisburg has shown that silk dresses last longer than human bones.

☞ Mr. S. D. Ingham, Ripley, Ohio, after tormenting his horse to madness with the various prescriptions of horse doctors for the cure of Fistula, resorted to cold water, which was poured from a watering pot upon the sore, and a complete cure was effected in five weeks from two daily applications.

☞ A Mrs. Pratt and daughter, of Springfield, Mass., have been sent to a lunatic asylum for trying to suffocate a little girl, "in obedience to the spirits."

☞ It is reported that Alexander H. Stephens, by invitation of leading men of both parties, is to address the people of New York on affairs in the South.

☞ Walker went to a Dutch tailor and had his measure taken for a pair of pantaloons. He gave directions to have them made large and full. Walker is a large and heavy man, and likes his clothes loose, and when he came to try on the new unmentionables, found they stuck tight to his legs, whereat he thus remonstrated: "I told you to make these pants full." After some objurgatory expressions of a profane nature, the tailor ended the controversy by declaring, "I dink dese pants is full enough; if dey was any fuller dey would shplit!"

☞ A lawyer in Milford, whom we will call Brief, received a letter a few days since, evidently directed in an honest Hibernian hand, to "Squire Brief, *Liar and Atterny*, Milford, Mass."

☞ Pictures must not be too picturesque. Nothing astonishes men like common sense and plain dealing. All great actions have been simple, and all great pictures are.

**Dr. Radway's Pills (Coated) Are Infallible as a Purgative and Purifier of the Blood.**

BILE.

Bile in the Stomach can be suddenly eliminated by one dose of the Pills—say from four to six in number. When the Liver is in a torpid state, when species of acrid matter from the blood or a serous fluid should be overcome, nothing can be better than Radway's Regulating Pills. They give no unpleasant or unexpected shock to any portion of the system; they purge easily, are mild in operation, and, when taken, are perfectly tasteless, being elegantly coated with gum. They contain nothing but purely vegetable properties, and are considered by high authority the best and finest purgative known. They are recommended for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, Nervous Diseases, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Bilious Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and symptoms resulting from Disorders of the Digestive Organs. Price, 25 cts. per box. Sold by Druggists.

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"THEY CURE!" What cures? AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL for a Cough, AYER'S PILLS for a purgative, and AYER'S SARSAPARILLA for the complaints that require an alterative medicine. nov16-3t

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—The estimation in which these medicines are held by the public, steadily increases their demand. They act directly on the system, removing all obstruction, renovating the springs of life, purifying the blood, and totally eradicating liver complaints, indigestion, pain in the side and general debility. Sold everywhere.

## MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 11th instant, by the Rev. Wm. Cathcart, Mr. WILBY SCOGGINS to Miss SARAH WISHER, both of this city.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. A. G. McAuley, D. D., Mr. JOHN R. MCLEAN to Miss JANE MCMANON, both of this city.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. J. Spencer Kennard, JOSEPH GASS, Jr., Esq., to Miss MARY A. MCLOUD, both of Boston, Mass.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. M. D. Kurtz, Mr. JAMES C. WILSON to Miss SALLIE W. DAVIS, both of Town's End, Sussex county, Del.

On the 20th of Oct., by the Rev. Saml. Durborow, Mr. GUY SAMSON, of the U. S. Navy, to Miss ANNIE E. LE NOIR, daughter of Saml. J. Le Noir, Esq., both of this city.

On the 3d of Nov., 1867, by John G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. WILLIAM STRATTON to Mrs. JANE EMERY, both of this city.

## DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 12th instant, ABRAHAM H. PAUL, in his 73d year.

On the 11th instant, MARY J. GRAHAM, aged 26 years.

On the 11th instant, WILLIAM M. CLARK, in his 67th year.

On the 11th instant, FREDERICK A. PACKARD, aged 73 years.

On the 10th instant, Miss ELIZA BAILIFF, in her 67th year.

On the 10th instant, CHARLES HOWARD, in his 49th year.

On the 10th instant, MARTHA BUNTING, in her 83d year.

On the 9th instant, Mrs. MARGARET SAUNDERS, aged 46 years.

On the 9th instant, ANNA REBECCA, daughter of Wm. and Rebecca Becher, in her 25th year.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1868.

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

## New and Splendid Premium Engraving.

GEMS OF NATIVE AND FOREIGN LITERATURE.

The proprietors of "the oldest and best of the weeklies" offer unequalled inducements to those who incur the labor of making up clubs, as well as to those who remit, as single subscribers, the full subscription price.

## "WASHINGTON AT MOUNT VERNON."

For our Premium Engraving this year we shall give the above splendid portrait of Washington, engraved by the distinguished artist, H. Wright Smith, from the celebrated picture by Thomas Hicks, N. A. This is a full length portrait, with Mount Vernon in the background, and is thirty inches long by twenty-one inches wide. No American home should be without a portrait of "The Father of his Country." This engraving, (or one of "Edward Everett in his Library," or one of last year's premiums, "One of Life's Happy Hours," if preferred) *will be sent gratis as a Premium (postage paid) to every full ($2.50) subscriber, and also to every person sending a club!*

The contents of THE POST shall consist, as heretofore, of the very best original and selected matter that can be procured. The following *original* serial stories are already on hand:—

### THE DEATH SHADOW OF THE POPLARS.

By MRS. MARGARET HOSMER, author of "The Morrisons," &c.

### TRYING THE WORLD.

By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, author of "In Trust," &c.

### ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON.

By ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, author of "How a Woman Had Her Way," &c.

Besides our original contributions, long and short, we also select in STORIES, SKETCHES, ESSAYS, &c.,

### THE GEMS OF THE ENGLISH MAGAZINES;

And also give the NEWS OF THE WEEK, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, POETRY, WIT AND HUMOR, RIDDLES, RECEIPTS, CLIPPINGS, THE MARKETS, &c., &c.

## ☞ SPECIAL OFFER TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS.☜

*New* subscribers for 1868, will have their names entered on our list the very week their names are received. Thus new subscribers who send on their names by the first of November, will receive THE POST for November and December, in addition to the whole of 1868—making Fourteen Months in all. Those who send by the first of December, will receive Thirteen Months. Tens of thousands should take advantage of this liberal offer.

### NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

THE POST is exclusively devoted to Literature, and therefore does not discuss political or sectarian questions. It is a common ground, where all can meet in harmony, without regard to their views upon the political or sectarian questions of the day.

### LIST OF PREMIUMS.

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| No. 1. For 30 subscribers at $2.50 apiece— | a Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine, worth | $55.00 |
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| | | | | or a Set of Chess Men, worth | 3.00 |
| " 3. For 3 | " | 2.50 | " | one dozen Silver Plated Teaspoons, worth | 7.00 |
| | | | | or half dozen Silver Plated Tablespoons, worth | 7.00 |
| | | | | or half dozen Silver Plated Forks, worth | 7.00 |
| | | | | or a Universal Clothes Wringer, worth | 10.00 |
| | | | | or a Silver Plated Caster, worth | 10.00 |
| | | | | or a Set of Croquet, maple, painted, worth | 10.00 |
| No. 4. For 10 subscribers at $2.50 apiece— | a Silver Plated Cake Basket, worth | 12.00 |
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| | | | | or one of Spencer's Repeating Rifles, with Globe and Peep sight, &c., worth | 55.00 |
| " 11. For 30 | " | 2.50 | " | a Lady's Fine Gold Watch, worth | 75.00 |
| " 12. For 50 | " | 2.50 | " | Appleton's American Cyclopædia, 16 vols., worth | 80.00 |
| " 13. For 55 | " | 2.50 | " | a First Quality Melodeon (4 octaves) worth | 70.00 |
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The person entitled to a Premium will be allowed to select such books (bound in cloth or paper) as he may desire, out of T. B. Peterson & Bros.' publications—among which are the works of Sir Walter Scott, Charles Dickens, Mrs. Henry Wood, Miss Bremer, Charles Lever, Captain Marryatt, Mrs. Lee Hentz, Mrs. Stephens, Mrs. Southworth, Dumas, Emerson Bennett, Wilkie Collins, G. P. R. James, Miss Pardoe, T. S. Arthur, Prof. Liebig, &c., &c. Also, nine different Cook Books.

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## REMARKS

☞ The lists may be made up for The Post exclusively, or the Lady's Friend exclusively, or partly for one and partly the other, as is desired.

☞ REMEMBER—each subscriber, on a Premium list, is to receive *in addition to his paper or magazine*, a copy of either of the large and beautiful Premium Steel Engravings, as he may prefer:—"WASHINGTON AT MOUNT VERNON," "EDWARD EVERETT IN HIS LIBRARY," or "ONE OF LIFE'S HAPPY HOURS." The regular club subscribers do not receive an engraving, unless they send one dollar extra for it.

Subscriptions should be remitted as fast as obtained, that the subscribers may receive their papers, magazines and engraving at once. Both old and new subscribers may be counted in the lists. The papers or magazines will be sent to different post-offices when desired.

The canvasser for a list for Premiums would do well to take with him a copy of THE POST, a copy of THE LADY'S FRIEND, and one of the Premium Engravings. He can get those, either by subscribing for the paper or magazine for a year, or by inclosing us *one dollar*, for which sum we will send a copy of all three to those desirous of making up lists, but to those only. The paper and magazine, without the engraving, will be sent for twenty cents.

The Sewing Machine offered is the Wheeler & Wilson No. 3 Machine, price $55. We will also send this Machine on the old terms of twenty subscribers and sixty dollars, (that is, ten dollars *in addition* to the amount of the subscription price) if desired. And we will send any of the higher priced Wheeler & Wilson's Machines, if the difference in price is also remitted.

Everything offered in our list of Premiums is guaranteed to be an excellent article. The valuation is simply the usual retail price of the article in Philadelphia and New York. By means of purchasing at the best sources, and at wholesale prices, and giving advertising in return, we are enabled to offer these splendid inducements. Our only object is to increase our circulation—giving those who help us to do this, the benefit of the Premiums.

The articles will be sent by express, or as ordered. Nothing will be charged for packing or boxing. The Freight, however, must be paid by the receiver of the Premium.

REMITTANCES.—In remitting, name at the top of your letter, your post-office, county, and state. If possible, procure a post-office order on Philadelphia. If a post-office order cannot be had, get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges.

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Our terms are the same as those of that well known magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—

One copy (and the large Premium Engraving).....$2.50

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| | | | |
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| 2 copies | $4.00 | 14 copies (and one to getter up of club) | $20.00 |
| 4 " | 8.00 | 20 " | 28.00 |
| 5 " (and one to getter-up of club) | 8.00 | 1 copy of The Post and 1 of The Lady's Friend (and one Premium Engraving) | 4.00 |
| 8 " | 12.00 | | |

A copy of the large and handsome Premium Engraving ("Washington at Mount Vernon") WILL BE SENT TO EVERY ONE SENDING ON A CLUB. The sender of a club of five and over, will of course get the engraving in addition to his paper.

☞ Any member of a club wishing the engraving must remit *one dollar extra*.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twenty cents* extra as we have to prepay the U. S. postage.

☞ The magazines or papers in a club will be sent to different Post-offices if desired.

☞ The contents of The Post and of The Lady's Friend will always be entirely different.

Address **HENRY PETERSON & CO.,**

**No. 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.**

☞ Specimen copies will be sent, on the receipt of *five cents*.


### STANZAS.

I.

Though hours divide us, and long miles sever,
And lonely our life from sun to sun,
Yet I know nor time nor distance ever,
Can part two souls that from twain are one:
For thy song in the surf's low voice I hear,
I mark thy smile in the sunny air,
And I feel that thy light form hovers near
When the earth and the sky and the sea are fair;
And I know I am loved by only thee—
Thou told'st me the tale with thy parting breath—
And the bond that no hand in life may free,
Shall yield its clasp to no power but Death!

II.

We have tasted the joy of the summer days,
But the clouds of Autumn are gathering fast;
And it were not well to grow warm in the rays,
For chiller then is the bite of the blast:
But memory brings, on her myriad wing,
A charm that is stronger than wind or frost,—
The joy of an hour, when the glad arms cling
Round a form that for days our eyes had lost:
The meeting at morn and the evening tale,
And the whispered tones and the merry song,
And love that will live till the cheek grows pale,
As we hear the call to the vanished throng!

III.

Are the tears still wet on thy cold, pale cheek,
The tears that from under the dark lash started?
Is the voice still spent that faltered to speak
The words scarce heard when in grief we parted?
Go, make strong thy voice and make dry thy tears,
And sing thy old songs with thy might again,
And dream no more of the past's sad years,
Nor think that the present will bring but pain:
But cheer thee till spring's bright dawns shall gleam,
And the violet and primrose are out in bloom,
And the sunbeam leaps on the leaping stream
With a gay farewell to the winter's gloom!

IV.

For then, perchance, we may meet in gladness,
Who have known what a winter's grief may be,—
*I* may bid "God speed" to the present sadness
Which thralls me here by the leaden sea;
*You* may love with no other love to charm,
No other bonds that to duty bind;
And my sin-spent years a soothing balm
In your heart and trusting voice shall find.
We will walk the world, hands clasped together,
The thorns of life will grow red with flowers;
And through winter's frost and the bright spring weather
No days will be golden-bright as ours.

## CARLYON'S YEAR.

(CONCLUDED.)

By the author of "Lost Sir Massingberd," &c.

### CHAPTER XXXII.

CUTTING THE KNOT.

"When you have read this, write to me," were the words which Agnes had appended to the secret statements confided according to promise to Mr. Martin's care, for Carlyon; and now it was the second day, and yet she had received no answer. For the first and last time in her life she had written "Agnes Vane," at the foot of what was an honest narration of her unhappy father's misfortune. The old man had not concealed it from her, although her cousin had taken it for granted that he had. The threat, therefore, employed by Richard of revealing his uncle's secret had been quite without weight so far as Agnes was concerned, however it may have told with respect to others. But Mr. Crawford, naturally enough, had estimated his nephew's worth, or rather the want of it, by the baseness of the menace, and had judged his unfitness to become her husband by the very means which the young man relied upon to insure his acceptance. Whether rightly or not, we cannot tell. To secure Agnes for himself, it was true that the wretched youth had stooped to every baseness, and even to crime; but with relation to all other things he had behaved himself with honor and probity. Strange as the comparison may seem, the love of her was to him like the one vice, such as gambling or drinking, which so often deforms an otherwise noble character. If Richard Crawford had been her accepted lover from the first, perhaps he would never have strayed from the broad road of right.

By reflections upon this matter, however, Agnes was not disturbed. She was filled with remorse at having revealed, even to one single person, that disgrace which her dead father had been so solicitous to conceal. True, she could not have permitted this man to marry her while the secret remained untold; but why had she not sacrificed her own wishes (for she no longer attempted to conceal from herself that her heart was another's) to so sacred a trust? Had not Carlyon himself set her an example in preserving his own father's memory from obloquy? How weak and wicked she had been! No wonder Carlyon had sent her no reply; offended, no doubt, less by the nature of the family disgrace than by her own selfish disclosure of it. And yet, surely he might have written to her too, even if it had been that word "No," with which a year ago she had driven him from his home at Mellor.

She could not read; she could not work; she could only sit with her hands before her and think, and think, and listen. Was that the postman's knock? No. And yet it could hardly be any visitor. Nobody had called upon her since she had been in town, for scarcely any of her acquaintance knew of her being there. Doubtless, this arrival concerned the lodgers who occupied the dining-room floor. Anything that diverted her mind from its present melancholy, even for a moment, was welcome, and she listened with attention. There must be many visitors—more than one or two—to judge by the time that they took to enter the house. Why, too, should they delay in the hall instead of— But now it was certain that they were ascending, although very deliberately, to the drawing-room in which she sat. The slowness of their movements and the frequent halts that they seemed to make, suggested that one among them, at least, must be very old or feeble—as old as her poor father, perhaps, whose secret she had so fruitlessly betrayed. The door opened, and in walked Mr. Martin, with a gaunt man, very white and shrunken, leaning heavily upon his arm.

"Mr. Carlyon!" cried she, with an involuntary cry of wonder.

"The same, miss, and no other," returned the surgeon, quietly; "and he would be obliged to you if you would offer him a chair."

In the extremity of her astonishment she had forgotten how much this exertion must have cost the invalid; but in a moment she was herself again, and had wheeled round the sofa and arranged the cushions as she had done so often for him in his own chamber.

"I thought it was better, Agnes, that I should come and see you myself—"

"*I* didn't; mind *that*," interrupted the surgeon. "I thought it was madness."

"Better to tell you what I had to say by word of mouth, than to offer any explanation by letter," continued Carlyon, feebly. "You must have thought me very brutal, Agnes, these last two days."

"Brutal, Mr. Carlyon! Why so? I blamed myself, but not so much as I do now, seeing that I have caused you to be so imprudent as to venture hither."

"I should have come yesterday, if Mr. Martin would have let me out; he kept me prisoner against my will, until I threatened to apply for a writ of habeas corpus. Sit down here, Agnes, close by me, for my voice is weak."

"Mendacious hypocrite," muttered the surgeon; "he bawled at my coachman to drive faster, until I expected the man would have given me warning on the spot."

Agnes took her seat, as Carlyon requested, very white and quiet. He had come, she thought, like a brave man as he was, to tell her face to face, that he was too proud to marry a woman who, because of a family disgrace, bore a name that was not her own. How rightly was she about to be punished for her selfish conduct!

"Our excellent friend, Mr. Martin yonder, has placed in my hands a document written by yourself, Agnes, and relating to certain private affairs connected with your family. He did so with a good motive, I am sure; but he did not know me."

"It was I myself who told him to give it to you, Mr. Carlyon."

"*I know it.* It was not unnatural, perhaps, that one, with so delicate a sense of duty, placed in your position should have done so. Otherwise, and supposing you had been in his place, you would have known me better; you would have said, as I hope and believe, 'John Carlyon will never read it.' Here it is, Agnes, with the seals unbroken. If the secret it contains be any misfortune which it is within my power to remedy, or mitigate; if it be any sorrow, which may be lightened to yourself by another's sympathy, I will hear it from your lips. If not, let it remain unrevealed. Of whatever nature it may be, the knowledge of it could no more weaken my devoted love for you, my ardent hope (presumptuous as it seems) that you may become my wife, Agnes, than some small stream of brackish water newly set a flowing could alter the saltness of the sea into which it runs; but I do not wish to hear it. If the telling of a secret be the proof of some women's love, let the keeping of one be yours for me. Take it; burn it. And when it is burnt, be sure that the evidence of its existence is thereby not more surely destroyed than any—the least misgiving of what it may have been has vanished from my own bosom. Agnes, dear Agnes, you have blessed me beyond all that words can tell; but I still ask for more. Say, tell me: Will you be my wife?"

There was no verbal response; but nevertheless she answered with her lips.

"Really," murmured Mr. Martin, after he had stared discreetly out of the window for a considerable period, "I am hanged if they have not forgotten I am in the room.—Mr. Carlyon," exclaimed he, aloud, "I have got other patients besides yourself and this young lady (for I consider that I have prescribed for her, and with considerable success,) and I can't afford to keep my horses standing still here all day. It is time for us to be off. My dear Miss Agnes, whom I beg leave to most heartily congratulate, you cannot use your newly acquired supremacy to better purpose than to order this sick man home."

"My good friend," remonstrated Carlyon, coolly, "I tell you what you'd better do, if you really *have* got other patients to attend to. Go and see them, by all means, and then come back and call for me. I assure you I feel much better since the morning and in perfectly safe hands."

So the good surgeon, laughing very merrily, left patient and nurse together, and started off on his professional round.

"He looks quite another man already," chuckled Mr. Martin, when he found himself alone in his brougham, with its pockets stored with cases of horrid implements; "upon my life there may be something in physician's prescriptions after all. I never saw such a satisfactory result from a mere external application of lip salve before."

### CHAPTER XXXIII.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

The first person to whom Carlyon wrote to tell of his approaching marriage with Agnes was sister Meg; and she wrote him back a letter, filled half with good wishes and half with good advice, the last solely with reference to the economy of a household; "for," said she, "with respect to your spiritual welfare it is impossible that you can have a better teacher than she whom you have chosen; whereas, as respects pecuniary expenditure, she is culpably lavish."

To Mr. Carstairs, the convalescent, out of the exuberance of his spirits, could not help sending a mourning card with,

JOHN CARLYON.

*Friends will please accept the intimation*,

on one side; and on the other,

*Of his marriage in September next.*

In return, he received the most disinterested congratulations from the kind-hearted doctor, and a budget of country news. "I am sorry to say," wrote he, "that these insatiable sands of ours have been devouring more victims. Old Stephen Millet and his son were both lost some nights ago during a dense fog; the former, they say, was not himself—having fallen of late more than ever into his old habits—and that William perished in the attempt to get him home. Heaven only knows how it was; but a nobler or more self-sacrificing soul than that young man never draw breath. I have just seen them laid in the same grave. There is another vacancy among us here, which, in my opinion, is by no means to be so regretted. Mrs. Newman and I agreed to keep it to ourselves while Miss Agnes was in trouble about other matters; but there is no reason why she should not be told now. The second morning after her mistress left Mellor, Cubra suddenly disappeared. As she never goes upon the sands, I did not apprehend any danger from that source; after much inquiry, I came to the conclusion that she had been sent for by that unhappy young man to accompany him in his flight; and on application to the shipping-office, I find that a person answering to her description embarked in the same vessel as Richard Crawford. Thus, the poor old woman has been faithful to her young master to the last, according to her lights, and will-of-the-wisps though they were. I am glad for both your sakes that they can now lead neither him nor her so dangerously astray; and for poor Richard's sake, that he has some one who will cleave to him whithersoever he has gone."

Poor Richard! That was how Carlyon and his wife always spoke of her unhappy cousin—never with anger or uncharitableness. To believe him mad was the most consoling creed which they could hold.

The newly married couple did not make their home at Mellor. There was an association connected with that place that made it painful to Carlyon to do so. Though he was far from entertaining an un-Christian despair respecting any man's future, though the more he experienced of God's love and mercy (and he experienced much) the less was he prone to plumb their depth, and say "It ends here—or here;" yet, he could not now regard that tombstone in the churchyard with "Gone to join the majority" upon it, with the old sardonic indifference. It was curious enough that *that* should be the bitterest drop in Carlyon's cup after all; but so it was.

He and Agnes made their home in another part of the country; but paid a yearly visit to Mrs. Newman, now installed at Woodlees, which he had settled upon her—the gloomy place having fortunately found no purchaser—for life. She gave one dinner party in their honor on each of these occasions; but it cost her a great deal—not in money, indeed, for it was the reverse of an expensive entertainment, but in many a mental pang.

Robin and the rest of the household suffered for it when the Carlyons went. Having at last reduced her expenditure to a minimum, this good lady determined to give the public the benefit of her experience, and has occupied her spare time of late in composing those well-known and useful little volumes, "How to live on forty pounds a year—and passing well;" and "Enough is as good as a Feast; or how to make a leg of mutton last a week."

Carlyon put in his protest once or twice for Robin's sake; but sister Meg only replied, "My dear John, you have no idea what that old man eats, although he has not a tooth in his head." Where, however, her brother made a resolute stand and carried his point, was in the stable arrangements. Red Berild had his two feeds of corn per diem, while at Woodlees, in spite of all her protestations; and generally received them, scarcely less from affection than for security, from Agnes's own hand.

As years went on, two little children—first a girl, then a boy—began to hold as the highest treat a ride upon the good old horse, which, they were told, had saved dear mamma's life years ago from the hungry tide. There is no fear of the faithful creature's not being affectionately cared for in his old age, even though his master should die before him. As to that, John Carlyon was no worse when we last heard of him than during that period when Mr. Carstairs put so exact a limit to his days. That gentleman, however, holds to his own opinion that the squire ought to have died years and years ago, and that he owes his present existence only to the heretical nature of his disposition.

"He flew in the face of Providence in his youth," says he, "and having been converted from that error, he now flies in the face of Science."

He has the magnanimity to add, however, "Long may he fly."

And all who are acquainted with John Carlyon as he now is, have good cause to say, Amen.

THE END.

☞ A young woman, of great beauty, drowned herself in the Loire, a few days since. She left a letter for a young man who was paying his addresses to her, saying that she was much attached to him, but could not marry him because she was subject to epileptic fits.

☞ On the wall of a room in the Tower of London may be seen inscribed the word "Jane." This was wrought into the stone by the husband of Lady Jane Grey, Lord Guilford Dudley, who was imprisoned in what is known as the Bucham Tower in 1554.

☞ "I say, Jones, how is it that your wife dresses so magnificently, and you always appear out at the elbows?" "You see, Thompson, my wife dresses according to the 'Gazette of Fashion,' and I dress according to my ledger."

### WHY GRIEVE, LOVE?

I count it profitless to muse and sigh
O'er memory's record of our buried years;
Were it not best to lay it gently by,
And bid our eyes, while yet unwet with tears,
Look onward, upward: onward to the gray,
Dim haze which shrouds the future from our sight:
And upward, towards the bright, infinite day,
Whose mystic dawn shall triumph o'er our night?
Well might we sigh and weep, if sigh or tear
Could change the volume in a single page,
Cleanse one foul spot, or soothe one fretting fear;
Well might we weep and sigh, from youth to age,
If sigh, or tear, or prayer, could o'er prevail
To blot the evil from our life's told tale.

Well might we weep and sigh if that could bring
Back to our groping arms and hearts our lost;
Or win the sun of youthful hope to fling
Its olden brightness on our tempest-tost
And waste heart waters. But it cannot be;
And since it cannot, wherefore should we weep?
Were it not easiest to trust that He,
Who all things past and future aye doth keep,
Will mingle mercy with His dread survey,
And give us strength life's future page to write
In characters as pure as mortal may?
Yea, we will trust Him, bidding heart and eye
Forsake the past, and look up faithfully.

## ONE OF THE FAMILY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LOST SIR MASSINGBERD," "CARLYON'S YEAR," &C.

### CHAPTER I.

#### CAT AND DOG.

It is late in a July morning of 1830, but the master and mistress of Dewbank Hall, Sandalthwaite, Cumberland, have not yet risen from their breakfast-table. It is no wonder that they tarry so long, for, as they sit toying with their potted char (for they have far from healthy appetites,) they look forth upon the smiling mere, and the great hill Blackbarrow, whose very crags are decked with green, or seem to be so at that distance, and whose mighty head is crowned with a diadem of pearls. An hour ago, the mountain was as dark as its name implies, and cast an ink-black shadow upon the sombre lake; its top was wrapped so thick in cloud that you could not tell peak from vapor, and if a sun-gleam lit it for a moment, as the fever-flush some wasted cheek, it left it still more menacing and grim the next. All nature stood expectant of the storm. The lamb upon the hill-pastures forgot to bleat, the cattle in the mead to low, and though the buzzard shunned the sky, the song-bird shunned it too, and sat upon the spray in some well-sheltered nook, voiceless and palpitating. The very air scarce dared to breathe; and in the universal hush, Sandal Beck, though shrunk to a silver thread by the long drought, was heard between its wooded walls making unwonted murmur. Then, on a sudden, the blank thunder broke, and filled the circle of the hills with echoes, and the blinding rain marched on sheet after sheet, and hid the scene. But all was over now, as has been said, and the refreshed earth was breathing forth its thanks in song and incense. The fountains of the hills were all unsealed, and ran merrily down this way and that, like boys back in the home of their childhood, delighted to revisit their ancient haunts; the solitary tarn, so long bereaved, again had her three swift sons, headstrong, and fierce, and fearless; and in the dark hair of the pinewood, she that was leaning and listening as though for the words of the thunder, shone many a sparkling gem, the love-gift of the passed-by storm.

"A deluge again!" ejaculated Mr. Woodford peevishly, after a long silence. "It's always in extremes up in this infernal country. We have been dried up to nothing for I don't know how long, and now we are inundated."

The speaker was not actually referring to himself when he spoke of having been "dried up to nothing," but he might have made that personal allusion without going far wrong. The climate of India, a too close devotion in youth to commercial pursuits, an overbearing temper, and certain domestic occurrences which would have sorely tried even a less irritable man, had reduced Mr. Ernest Woodford's naturally lean frame to thread-paper dimensions. But his limbs were of that wiry character which strikes chill despair into the hearts of heirs-at-law; and his voice, though shrill as a child's, had a vitality in it that would have added ten per cent. to *post-obit* expenses. His age was not in reality over forty years, but he looked a much older man, his hair being not only grizzled, but quite white. His skin, upon the other hand, was very swarthy, so much so, that it was believed to be owing to "a touch of the tar-brush;" but this accusation, as will be presently narrated, was totally unfounded. He above all things congratulated himself on being an Englishman—of which flattered nation he honestly imagined himself a type—and despised the "confounded niggers" among whom his fortune had been reared. It would have doubtless turned him a shade darker to have known that the simple folk about Sandalthwait invariably spoke of him as the Black Squire, and ascribed his abuse of the natives of India to the malignity of a renegade.

"I had promised myself a walk this morning," continued Mr. Woodford, apostrophising the hill Blackbarrow with severity: "it is not often I have time for a morning's walk; and now here's the country under water. The whole fell will be a quagmire; the things they call roads will be mere rushing kennels. It's a most extraordinary fact that the weather here always does turn out in the most vexatious and antagonistic manner to my plans."

"Why, Mr. Wilson has been reading the Prayer for Rain these three Sundays," observed Miss Selina Woodford acidly.

The master of Dewbank Hall gave a contemptuous chuckle, the nearest approach to a laugh in which he ever indulged, and murmured something about the barometer, not so much in compliment to science as in ridicule of religion.

"If you are going to be blasphemous, I leave the table," pursued Miss Selina; "and with the child in the room too, Ernest—an edifying example, truly."

Miss Woodford's remark referred to a little girl of about nine years old, who, having finished breakfast before her seniors had left the table, was standing at the window flattening her pretty features against one of the lower panes in rapt admiration of the scene without.

"All I say is," returned Mr. Woodford, apologetically, "why doesn't it rain at night instead of in the daytime? Why should going out in the morning be an impossibility except upon wheels, in a place where wheels are next to impracticable?"

"You always thought you could manage matters better than Providence, Ernest. I remember, in India, you used to ask why it was cool only at night and morning."

"And a very just reflection too, Miss Selina, as it seems to me. In India, however, there were black-fellows to carry one on their shoulders—d—d lazy black rascals, it is true—"

"Be so good as to remember, brother, if that poor child's innocence is no safeguard against your wicked talk, that there is a lady in the room, although she has the misfortune to be your sister. If you are not a professing Christian, at least you make pretence to be a gentleman, I believe."

"Than you, Selina, very much," returned Mr. Woodford, with elaboration; "and in return, permit me to remind *you* that there is nothing which a child so easily sees through as hypocrisy. I don't pay your intelligence the bad compliment of supposing for a moment that you intend to impose upon *me*.—What are you staring at, Evy?"

"I am looking at a beautiful rainbow, Uncle Woodford," replied the little girl, gravely. "See! it spans all Blackbarrow just like the frame of Cousin Charlie's picture that used to hang here. I thought the rain would never have ceased a while ago, till I remembered what he told me about the Flood of old, and that this very sign was set in the Heavens to show that it would happen no more. How I wish, though, that we had an Ark of our own upon the lake, and then Mr. Wilson might be Noah, and you would be Ham—at least if you liked, uncle!" added the child, with hesitation, observing her kinsman's knitted brows.

"And why Ham, Miss Evely?" inquired he, with sternness, while Miss Selina audibly tittered.

"I am sure, I don't know, uncle," answered the girl, turning her large blue eyes upon him simply enough; "only I never can recollect the names of the other two, they are so funny—"

"I hope that's the only reason, Evelyn," interposed Miss Woodford, maliciously. "Are you sure that cousin of yours did not teach you disrespectful things about your uncle?"

"Cousin Charlie was always good," returned the child, gazing boldly into Miss Woodford's face, and with a bright spot glowing upon each of her little cheeks.

"How could that be, you foolish girl, when you know he was so bad that your uncle had to send him across the seas?"

"There, there; let's have no more of that old subject," interposed Mr. Woodford, hastily. "I think you possess the amiable faculty, Selina, of making the most unpleasant observations that can possibly be made to man, woman, or child, in higher perfection than any one I know. The boy has been sent away to the other side of the world; does not that satisfy you, without backbiting him in this manner?—See, you have made his little favorite cry."

And, indeed, though not a sob broke from her lips, the round tears were rolling from the child's great eyes, which seemed to grow larger and larger in her sorrow, like the moon in mist.

"I am glad to see you are grown so tender-hearted, Brother Ernest," rejoined the lady. "I have heard you sometimes say you would 'give her something to to cry for,' and so you would now, if the boy had not been concerned in the matter; and yet you would not care three farthings about the boy if his name was not Woodford. You are not generally supposed to be one of those who are devotedly attached to children. Finding fault with Providence indeed, in the way you have just been doing; a pretty father *you* would have made."

"I have yet to learn, madam, that suggesting an improvement is equivalent to finding fault: but with respect to the scheme of creation, since you insist upon returning to that subject, I will venture to say that its beneficence never showed itself more conclusively than in the fact, that it has resolutely insisted (in spite of your most strenuous efforts,) upon your growing up an old maid, without a husband to torment, or offspring to misguide."

"You're a rude and insolent ruffian, Ernest Woodford," exclaimed Miss Selina, with her fingers on the door-handle.

"And you're thirty-eight, and as yellow as a guinea," chuckled her brother.

Miss Selina, Parthian-like, had been about to let fly some barbed arrow of speech as she left the room; but this terrible statement of fact, so much more overpowering than any sarcasm, quite disarmed her, and she burst into a passion of tears, and slammed the door behind her.

"It's very difficult to make that woman cry," soliloquised Mr. Woodford, rattling the loose silver in his pockets; "and it's a bad sign when she does it. She's been baiting her hook for that scampish painter, lately, I haven't a doubt, and he won't bite. Even carrying those four thousand pounds of her own, she finds herself disqualified from entering for the matrimonial Stakes. In China, folks say plenty of people can be found for money to have their heads cut off, instead of the real criminal; and I should think Selina's only chance of purchasing a victim for the altar must be among the Celestials. Niece Evelyn, do you think that your Aunt Selina would marry a man with a pigtail, such as you have seen in the picture-book about Canton?"

"I don't know, Uncle Woodford," returned the child, with quiet seriousness; "but if Mr. Murphy wore a pigtail, I think Aunt Selina would marry *him!*"

"That's my opinion also, niece; though we seldom agree so well together upon other points, eh.—Now, I daresay, if the truth were told, you are not very fond of your Aunt Selina?"

"No, Uncle Woodford, I am not."

"A plain-spoken young lady, upon my life," returned the questioner, not, however, by any means displeased. "It would not embarrass you very much perhaps to say that you were not excessively in love with *me?*"

The child looked directly in his face, as she had previously done in that of his sister; her delicate features worked uneasily for a moment; she took her fine long hair in each of her tiny hands, and put it behind her ears. It was only a movement to gain time for her little mind to frame its answer, but it had an exquisite and touching grace.

"I like you better than I do Aunt Selina," replied she with gentle gravity; "but I *love* only Cousin Charlie."

"Umph!" said her interrogator, looking a little discomfited in spite of himself. "There's the postman's horn, and a nice time for him to arrive in a country that calls itself commercial. Perhaps you'll run out, Miss Evelyn, and fetch the letters."

The child obeyed this mandate with alacrity. It was not the first time that she and her uncle had been glad to get rid of each other's society.

### CHAPTER II.

#### ELEGIAC.

Without wishing to be the apologist for that large and offensive class of our fellow-creatures whom we designate generically Bears, it must be allowed that in almost all cases their early education has been either defective or what is significantly termed "against them." Very few persons, having had the advantage of genial home influences, assume in later life the instincts of the savage; while, on the other hand, the savage nurtured in the wigwam, and who has been out upon a war-trail once or twice, is not to be civilized by mixing in later years with "good society." You may just as well apply glycerine for getting rid of roughness of the skin to the middle-aged rhinoceros.

Mr. Ernest Woodford had had but few opportunities in his youth of making himself an agreeable member of the human race. In the first place, his father had married a picture framed and glazed, and it is much better for a man that his mother-elect should have been a woman; for love and courtship before marriage have not a little to do, depend upon it, with the character of those post-nuptial articles, our children. The circumstances of the case were as follows: Mr. Woodford *pere*, an indigo-planter in Bengal, had been suddenly struck with the idea, though somewhat late in life, that, having made a considerable fortune, he ought to found a family. He had been hitherto so occupied in making money, that he had had no leisure whatever for making love; moreover, his experience having taught him that all home-grown articles were very superior to what could be found in the Calcutta market, he would not have chosen his wife from that emporium, even if he had the time to spare for selecting such a thing. So he wrote to the widow of his late "Co." at that time just beginning to enjoy life at half-guinea whist at Leamington, begging her to remit to him by earliest opportunity a partner for life; birth and money not so much an object as youth and good looks. Her esteemed favor, added he, in his commercial jargon, would be anxiously looked for, and an accredited female agent (white, if practicable) would await consignment at the port by every steamer. The widow, half in joke and half in earnest, confided the contents of this singular communication to several eligible young persons of her own sex, not without some hints from herself at Mr. Woodford's "position" in India (even superior to that occupied by her late husband, "the Co." of which they had probably heard enough), and details of the gorgeous accessories of a household of a merchant-prince in those parts, the whole concluding with a panegyric upon the state of widowhood when well-jointured, of which a tolerably satisfactory example, she flattered herself, was before their eyes.

It is curious how young ladies, who were not princesses (nor anything like it), could risk their future, not only with a person of whose character they knew next to nothing (for that is what happens in five marriages out of every six), but with a man whom they had actually never seen; yet so it was, that not one merely, but half-a-dozen, to whom this bashaw had thus thrown his handkerchief in the dark, confidentially expressed her readiness to pick it up. The widow, of course, could not consign the whole six to Calcutta, as the German princes used to send their daughters to St. Petersburg, when the Czarowitch had a fancy to marry, in order that he might choose for himself; but the literal fact is, that she did send their pictures—quite a gallery of miniatures (for photographs were not in those days); and in due course received the reply that sample Number Five having given great satisfaction, the original might be forwarded forthwith. And that was how Ernest Woodford came by his mother.

A year after his own birth, arrived his sister Selina; and a more disagreeable, tyrannical couple of white children than they grew up, were not to be found even in India. Spoiled by their parents, and flattered by their servants, what was good in their natures had not a fair chance of growth, while the climate worked in the usual way upon their livers and complexions. A few years later were born two other children, twins—a boy and girl; so that Mr. Woodford *pere* had reason to congratulate himself upon the result of his intentions with respect to the founding of a family. Of the characters of these later arrivals, rumor spoke much more highly, but their constitutions were even less healthy than those of their seniors. The boy, Herbert, who had evinced a disposition for a military life, lived just long enough to marry as an ensign, in a British regiment, and to distinguish himself in the first Burmese war; he died from exposure, immediately after the capture of Rangoon under General Campbell, a boy-hero, in his nineteenth year; after which sad event, his widow and her posthumous child, Charles, became of necessity members of the Woodford household. The indigo-planter was, said, in his old age, to have greatly "taken to" this baby-boy—a clear proof, in the eyes of Ernest and Selina, that their parent was in his dotage; and the child had another loving friend in his Aunt Evelyn. That young lady, however, a few years later, left the family roof for that of a rising young advocate in Calcutta, and died in childbirth with her only infant, who survived in our young acquaintance, Evy Sefton. She, too, was gladly welcomed by the old man, who seemed to live (as often happens, and was certainly not to be wondered at in his case) much more in the second generation than in the first.

Mr. Sefton was not unwilling to see his infant so well cared for, and himself at liberty to push his way in life without an incumbrance; in the meantime, he consoled himself as well as he could for the loss of wife and child with brandy pawnee, excessive indulgence in which carried him to the grave, upon the very eve of his appointment to the envied post of magistrate at Ramdamjuggelmore, one of the few stations where the old pagoda-tree is still said to flourish. Then, as if War and Vice were not enough to lay waste the Woodford race, Disease attacked it in the person of beautiful Mrs. Herbert, and after a short struggle, she succumbed. Thus, in the place of the second son and his twin-sister, there remained two orphans, Charles Woodford and Evelyn Sefton—the latter a child of about five years old, the former a fine lad of twelve. Both these were left by their grandfather in the sole guardianship of their uncle; and upon the demise of the old man (whom nothing but death would induce to quit his plantation), they came to England as members of Mr. Ernest's household. Their grandmamma, who entertained but a very faint interest in any of the party, had a separate establishment of her own at Leamington, where she was said to enjoy great luck at cards—thus realizing in unusual perfection the dream of her youth.

We have now done with the Woodford genealogy, a subject, I am aware, not less wearisome in fiction than in real life, but, on the other hand, much more necessary to be understood. When folks are grown up, and find themselves unable, even by the exercise of forbearance, and other uncommon virtues, to live with one another agreeably—when their natures are so antagonistic that the attempt to "rub on" together produces explosions frequent as frog-signals at a London terminus—it is much better that they should part, no matter how near is their relationship, and love one another very dearly through the penny-post. The ferret may wish, perhaps, to remain in the same tub with the rabbit, but the rabbit (only his opinion is so seldom asked) would always be found ready to pray for a separation, you may be sure. The case of children dwelling with uncongenial guardians is, however, without doubt, difficult and complicated, and has been the cause of dire misfortune to all concerned, from the *cause celebre* of Uncle v. Babes-in-the-Wood down to that case before the Lord Chancellor in yesterday's paper. The orphan costermonger of twelve or thirteen, who finds himself uncomfortable at home with "nunkey" and the lady whom he entitles by courtesy his aunt, simply saves enough halfpence to buy a barrow, and relieves the household of his presence; but among the better class of society, enfranchisement is not so easy. The march of intellect has been so universal that even Boys have grown too wise to "run away to sea;" while the examples of young ladies doing the like, notwithstanding the well-known commendation of the gallant captain of the *Thunderbomb*, have always been rare.

Charles Woodford, however, would long ago have left his uncle's roof, and sought his fortune on board ship, or anywhere else, if it had not been for Cousin Evy. It seemed to him that his presence was some sort of protection and comfort to the little girl, slight and beautiful as a fairy, and fairy-like in her contrast to the common-place and vulgar folks among whom her lot was cast. She was not ill-treated in the sense of being beaten, although I have no doubt that the germs of an Elizabeth Browrigg were to be found in Aunt Selina's bosom; but she was systematically snubbed and thwarted. Her simple thoughts were pronounced stupid folly; her golden visions ridiculed with cruel scorn; her lively fancies stripped of their rich bloom, as ruthlessly as butterfly by school-boy. She had visited lands of which Miss Selina had never dreamed; but she was soon taught to conceal her knowledge of them, save from one other human being. Beneath the fostering sun of Cousin Charlie's love, her mind had expanded like a flower, though it closed under the cold looks of her aunt. He was father, and mother, and brother in one to her; nay, he was her lover, and called her "his own little wife." He was her tutor, too, and no unqualified or idle one; and perhaps he learned something in return, worth knowing, from her innocent lips. It was curious to see the boy clothing his school facts in the garments he thought most attractive to his little favorite, distilling from very unpromising substances in the alembic of his unselfish affection the most charming mental essences—*Parfum de l'Histoire* and *Bouquet de la Geographie*. There may be no royal road to learning, but that is a wondrous smooth one which is pointed out to us by the fingers of love. Rome and Greece thus acquired a venerableness in the eyes of this young child, such as is not always seen in them even by the scholar or antiquary; while, on the other hand, the crude morsels of the Sacred Story she received at second-hand from Aunt Selina upon Sundays, were to her the merest bouilli—all the goodness having been eliminated in the previous process. Shorn of its beams was the most shining light which that reflector strove, ungraciously enough, to cast upon the tablet of her mind; while whatever her dear Charlie took in hand was thereby glorified. The same instrument, and the same slides, of course, were used; but in the one case the Magic had altogether escaped from the Lantern.

It may seem strange that one five years older than herself should take such loving trouble with this child, or condescend to be her companion, and certainly Charles Woodford was no ordinary boy. Without being better informed than young fellows of his own age, he pursued with ardor such studies as were of a practical nature: of Latin and Greek he knew but little, but history and biography, voyages and travels, he read greedily; he had a positive thirst for adventure, and though by no means blind to the beautiful aspects of nature which Sandalthwaite afforded, his imagination was ever wandering to the rolling prairie and the primeval forest; to the snow-topped peaks of those Himalayas which he had once seen from afar in his childhood: and to those summer isles of Eden lying in dark purple spheres of sea, of which the poets vaguely sang. Without any of the mechanical skill of the versifier, the boy was in some sort a poet himself. He could create, and could represent, as we have said, to another the objects of his creation; his devotion, indeed, to his little cousin, was itself a poem, and surely a sacred one. There are so many folks to whom it is such an unspeakable pleasure to be convinced that everybody is born as bad as themselves, that I will not venture to say that Master Charles formed any exception to that rule; but certainly at a very early age he was the delight of all about him, except his uncle and aunt (which must be put down to his credit), and his grandmother, whose affections were entirely monopolised by the ace of trumps. Perhaps we may adopt the theory of descent, and conclude that from his soldier-father he inherited courage, and from his mother tenderness of heart; but, at all events, he did possess those not incompatible, but by no means invariably combined virtues in an extraordinary degree. The chivalry of his nature would doubtless then have attracted him towards the little girl, whom, like himself, it had pleased God to orphan; but, besides, he had heard his mother say that Mrs. Sefton, before her ill-starred marriage, had been a kind friend to her under that alien roof where she was constrained to dwell, and therefore, to his reverent heart, it seemed that he was in debt to Cousin Evelyn, for the memory of his mother was a passion with him, as it not seldom is with the best and noblest Natures among men. Young as he was when he lost her, in his mother was centred all of beauty and goodness that he knew; and in his after-life, they became associated with her. Nay, he took his very views of death from her, and remembering how she had welcomed that dread Messenger, had, upon one occasion, when the very winnow of the Destroyer's wing seemed to be heard by the bystanders around his own sick-bed, welcomed him likewise without one touch of fear.

If I seem to have written a panegyric upon Charles Woodford, such as would only become his tombstone, the reason will presently be seen: but indeed, he was not without his faults. His nature was impulsive to rashness; he was impatient of control, and he was proud. It may be imagined, therefore, how he chafed under the contemptuous slights of Miss Selina, and resented the stern and sordid rule of his Uncle Ernest. At the same time, he was not insensible to the material benefits, however ungraciously conferred, that he received at the latter's hands. The slender fortune of both orphans, inherited in the boy's case from his mother, and in the girl's from her father, was entirely in Mr. Woodford's control; and although it amply served, even in his nephew's case, to defray all expenses, Charles was aware that he might have been less liberally treated. His uncle was not absolutely parsimonious, but he dispensed his money with a very grudging hand. Wealth was one of the few things which he held sacred, and spoke of with a certain hush and reverence, and it was curious enough that to this worship of mammon Charles owed what little personal regard his uncle felt for him. Like his father, it had at one time been Ernest's ambition to found a family, but he had not done so; and in his nephew he was obliged to see the future inheritor of all that great estate which the old indigo-merchant had entailed upon his descendants. He was by no means brought up, however, as the heir of five thousand pounds a year. A cheap commercial education had been given to him; and commerce was the line in life which his uncle had relentlessly marked out for him for the future. In vain the lad besought that he might be permitted to enter the army, the navy, or even the merchant-service. Mr. Woodford insisted that all those professions were but other names for vagabondism and idleness; the genius of an Englishman was for trade; his own genius had from earliest youth taken that direction, and had led, as was surely evident enough, to the most satisfactory results. This argument was perhaps logically conclusive, since it put a stop to further remonstrance; but the breach widened daily between Charles and his relatives, nevertheless; and when an appointment as junior clerk offered in a certain house at Rio Janeiro, it was accepted by the young man gladly; while his removal to that distant sphere was felt by his uncle to be a positive relief.

One letter from the exile had reached Dewbank Hall since his departure, directed to Miss Evelyn Sefton, and written, for her especial reading, in round text. It described the glorious scenery in the neighborhood of his new home, and all the luxuriance of tropic growth; the harbor of the Brasilian capital, studded with its hundred islets, and guarded by its granite wall. There was even a water-color sketch of the famous Sugar Peak that towers above the town, with a punning allusion to its name, to tickle the fancy of his little wife. But there was an ominous silence about his new employment, and how he liked it, that made the recipient's heart ache.

"Mark my words, Ernest," acid Miss Selina had observed: "we shall have that boy coming back to plague us again. If you had taken my advice, now—but there, what's the good of wishing?"

"Very true, Selina," returned her brother coldly; "otherwise, I would wish you were not such a fool."

Nevertheless, Mr. Woodford was not without his own apprehensions concerning his nephew, although on that particular morning, when he sent his niece to bring in the letters, he was not expecting to hear about him, nor indeed was little Evy thinking of her cousin more than usual. That is how news usually comes such as turns the hair gray, or snaps the heartstrings. We look for it, day after day, with anxious eyes: "We shall know the worst," say we, "to-morrow at furthest." But morrow after morrow vanishes, and makes no sign: and our eyes grow weary with watching, and we fall asleep; then suddenly, and, as it were, in the midnight of our rest, a hand shakes

us rudely. "What is this?" we cry, though we know very well what it is. "Great Heaven! has it come at last—the very worst? How was it we could sleep when we were well aware that such news might be on its way?"

Even the Mohammedan can give you a reason for that, my Christian friends. It is, because God is Merciful, and forbids us always to be watching and fearing.

"I think there is a foreign letter, Uncle Woodford," said Evelyn hesitatingly, as she placed a heap of missives in her relative's hands.

"Very likely," returned he coldly. "Don't you know, miss, that I have correspondents in every part of the globe?"

"I only thought," continued the child humbly, "that there might be some news about dear Charlie. O uncle, I do so long—" Here the sweet voice broke off, and tears followed instead of words.

Ernest Woodford rubbed his nose with the forefinger of his right hand, and regarded the trembling little figure as though it were something in his account-book that was giving him unexpected trouble. Then he began to frown, as though angry with himself for being disturbed by such an inconsiderable trifle. "You are a very fortunate child," said he slowly, "in having so little to cry about that you must make a fuss at the delay of a letter. There is nothing from your cousin here."

Evelyn was convinced of that, not because her uncle stated it, for he was by no means remarkable for strict veracity, but because the missive in question was not directed in Charlie's bold and flowing hand; but she was by no means so certain that it did not contain something about him. Her uncle left the opening of it to the last, deliberately perusing the contents of all the other letters, and turning it round and round in his hand when he did take it up, as though he was in anything but a hurry. Without doubt, he did this partly to vex the child. He was annoyed with her for exhibiting such affection for one who was notoriously under the ban of his displeasure. But besides that, there was really something remarkable about the envelope. The postmark was Rio, and the handwriting was one which he knew—that of the junior partner of the house of Oliviera Brothers, in which Charles was placed; but it was sealed with black wax. At last, however, he opened it, and read it right through without taking his eyes off; nay, he kept them upon the page after he had finished, as though he did not like to trust them elsewhere.

"Uncle Woodford—Uncle Ernest," said a low soft voice imploringly, "I know you have heard of Charlie." Then a little hand was laid upon his arm, so lightly, and yet with such a world of feeling in its pressure, and the tone altered to one strangely hoarse and hollow for a child, as she added: "Is Charlie ill? Is Charlie dying?"

Her uncle, touched for a moment to the core (for we are all human), patted her fragile fingers softly as they lay upon his sleeve. "Dear Evy, we will be very kind to you," said he.

"Charlie is dead!" cried she, with a cry of agony, such as is rarely wrung from a child except by physical pain. "I shall never, never, never see him more!"

The poor child had only too accurately translated her uncle's unaccustomed kindness, for news from Rio had indeed come that Charles Sefton was dead; and his "little wife" was a widow.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### True Honesty.

Some Americans seem to think that there is no virtue out of a Republic, and that the present age is a great advance upon all its predecessors. To such we commend the following anecdote:—

I'LL NA TRUST YE!

Two centuries ago it was thought an insult in the Highlands of Scotland to ask a note from a debtor. It was considered the same thing as saying, "I doubt your honor." If parties had business matters to transact, they stepped into the air, fixed their eyes upon the Heavens, and each repeated his obligation, with no mortal witness. A mark was then carved on some rock or tree near by, as remembrance of the compact. Such a thing as a breach of contract was rarely met with, so highly did the people regard their honor.

When the march of improvement brought the new mode of doing business, they were often pained by these innovations. An anecdote is handed down of a farmer who had been to the Lowlands and learned worldly wisdom. On returning to his native parish he had need of a sum of money, and made bold to ask a loan of a gentleman of means, named Stewart. This was cheerfully granted, and Mr. S. counted out the gold. This done, the farmer wrote a receipt, and offered it to the gentleman.

"What is this, man?" cried Mr. Stewart, eyeing the slip of paper.

"It is a receipt, sir, binding me to give ye back yer gold at the right time," replied Sandy.

"*Binding ye?* Well, my man, if ye canna trust yerself, I'm sure I'll na trust ye! Ye canna' ha' my gold!" And gathering it up, he put it back in his desk and turned his key on it.

"But, sir, I might die," replied the canny Scotchman, bringing up an argument in favor of his new wisdom, "and my sons might refuse it ye. But this bit of paper wad compel them."

"*Compel* them to sustain a dead father's honor?" cried the Scot. "They'll need compelling to do right if this is the road yer leading them! I'll neither trust ye nor them. Ye can gang elsewhere for money! But ye'll find nane in the parish that'll put more faith in a bit o' paper than in a neighbor's word o' honor and his fear o' God!"

Such was Highland honesty—nowadays a man is not safe even if he has both his neighbor's word and his neighbor's written or printed promise!

☞ A divine in Georgetown, D. C., in one of his sermons lately, used as a quotation the Scriptural query, "Where are the nine?" On a repetition of the question, a demure-looking young gentleman, who had been nodding, suddenly roused up, and in an audible tone innocently responded, "They are playing a Washington club."

### How Soon We Lose Our Children.

[From "The Layman's Breviary," in press by Roberts Brothers.]

Hold diligent converse with thy children! have them
Morning and evening round thee, love thou them,
And win their love in these rare, beauteous years;
For only while the short-lived dream of childhood
Lasts are they thine,—no longer! When youth comes
Much passes through their thoughts,—which is not thou,
And much allures their hearts,—which thou hast not.
They gain the knowledge of an older world
Which fills their souls; and floats before them now
The Future. And the Present thus is lost.
Then, with his little travelling pocket full
Of indispensables, the boy goes forth.
Weeping thou watchest till he disappears,
And never after is he thine again!
He comes back home,—he loves,—he wins a maid,—
He lives! They live, and others spring to life
From him,—and now thou hast a man in him,—
A human being,—but no more a child!
Thy daughter, wedded, takes a frequent joy
In bringing thee her children to thy house!
Thou hast the mother,—but the child no more!—
Hold diligent converse with thy children! have them
Morning and evening round thee, love thou them,
And win their love in the rare, beauteous years!

### Clerical Table Talk.

We confess ourselves to a feeling that one of the most sacred offices of our holy religion is desecrated when men speak flippantly of preaching, or behave flippantly in the pulpit. The gospel preached is too precious a thing to be carelessly presented, or to be so presented as to suggest unpleasant, low, or mean associations.

Among the many ways in which this is brought to pass, one is by the minister's selecting odd texts. The custom is a dangerous one, as the following story, which has been sent us, will show.

Not long since, in Connecticut, at a confirmation, the bishop invited a distinguished clergyman, noted for his habit of selecting odd texts, to preach the sermon. He announced as his text the following, from the Book of Proverbs: "The legs of the lame are unequal," and portrayed the many evils and inconveniences of lameness very graphically, with a spiritual application to his hearers.

It so happened, however, there were but two to be confirmed, and of those one was a very lame old lady, for whom people felt the deepest sympathy.

Of course these sympathies were only the more thoroughly aroused by what appeared to them, and her also, the unkind personal allusions of the sermon.

What happened our correspondent does not tell; but the natural conclusion of such a story would be, such a grave offence that neither would have come forward to confirmation.

We know a district of country in which a clergyman has preached a "leprosy sermon," describing the disease of sin under the form of leprosy in such vivid pictures, that the very mention of the sermon will make some people turn sick, not at the thought of sin, but at the terrible nature of leprosy.

Generally the effort to preach these figurative sermons is dangerous. Either the minister breaks down if he is not an adept in the matter of description, or he hunts the metaphor to the ground, or he makes the metaphor more prominent than its application.

We remember an effort of one of our clergy during the war, who would not willingly have done such a thing, but who was in this way drawn into preaching what appeared a purely political sermon, from the text, "There was war in heaven."

The inference was that this republic was heaven, Jeff Davis was Satan, and Abraham Lincoln was the Divine Being. Of course the clergyman said no such thing; but the people's minds, excited as they were by the war, received this impression from the sermon; and men went away hating the devil no more for having been compared with Mr. Davis, but rather hating Mr. Davis more than his Satanic majesty.

The stir which that sermon made taught that clergyman a lesson.

Another friend of ours drew the inference of apostolic succession and authority from the wagons which Joseph sent to bring his father Jacob down into Egypt, "which when his father saw, he believed." The effect of the sermon was that the people generally had suggested to their minds the ditty "Wait for the wagon."

We give gladly the following: A little girl who had witnessed the perplexity of her mother on a certain occasion, when her fortitude gave way under severe trial, said: "Mother, does God ever fret or scold?"

The query was so abrupt and startling that it arrested the mother's attention almost with a shock.

"Why, Lizzie, what makes you ask that question?"

"Why, God is good; you know you used to call Him the 'Good Man' when I was little; and I should like to know if He ever scolded?"

"No, child, no."

"Well, I'm glad He don't; for scolding always makes me feel so bad, even if it is not me in the fault. I don't think that I could love God much if He scolded."

The mother felt rebuked before her simple child. Never had she heard so forcible a lecture on the evils of scolding. The words of Lizzie sank deep in her heart, as she turned away from the innocent face of her little one to hide the tears that gathered in her eyes.

A Spiritualist and a Methodist preacher were engaged in earnest controversy, when a third person came forward from the other end of the car, and abruptly said: "What is all of this dispute about? I can settle this controversy in five minutes. I am an Old School Presbyterian, and go clear back to the Primer. Now, whatsoever is to be will be, whether it comes to pass or not, and whoever is born to be saved, cannot be lost, even though he is damned." This lucid and satisfactory explanation of Calvanism, as you can imagine, pleased the Methodist brother hugely. He insisted upon its being repeated, and, I presume, learned it by heart. Query. Whether this was not about as clear an explanation of predestination, free-will, and foreknowledge, as has ever been given?

Archbishop Whately says of common-place preachers, "They aim at nothing, and hit."—*Church Monthly, for November.*

### The Human Voice and its Range.

Dion Boucicault, writing in the Pall Mall Gazette on the Albert Hall of Science and Art, makes some observations on the action and range of the human voice, which are not without interest to the general reader, while suggestive to the public speaker and singer. The human voice, when its utterances are clearly articulated, and it is supplied with good lungs, will fill 400,000 cubic feet of air, provided they be inclosed in a proper manner, and the voice placed and directed advantageously. This space, we may remark, by the way, would be represented by a hall 125 feet long by 80 feet wide and 40 feet high. The same voice singing, continues Boucicault, can fill with equal facility 600,000 cubic feet. When singing the vowels are principally used, because it is necessary to dwell upon a note, and we cannot prolong a consonant. In speaking, on the contrary, we depend for articulation on the consonant, but their short percussive sound does not travel. When we shout, or in open air speaking, which partakes of shouting, we prolong the vowels, drawing the syllable at each word, but what we gain in sound is lost in clearness of articulation; expression is lost in monotony; because its fineness depends on the infinite variety of which the consonant is capable and bestows on the vowel. Two thousand voices, singing or speaking together, travel no further than one voice. They may fill a certain area more completely with that intricacy of waves which, when very troublesome, we call a din, but each voice exerts its own influence on the air according to its power, and dies away within certain limits. A second voice acts independently, and produces its own separate effect, not fortifying the first, but distinct from it; and so with any number of voices—say ten thousand—shouting together, if a single trumpeter were placed among them, the notes of his trumpet would be heard clearly at a distance where the Babel of voices would have expired in a murmur. Yet among the din produced by the ten thousand notes the trumpet would be inaudible. To illustrate this theory more clearly, it is plain that two thousand persons cannot throw stones farther than one person. It is true that the air within certain limits will be more full of stones, but they will all come to the ground within a limited area.

### A Sound-Wonder.

One of the most remarkable and pleasing illustrations of the properties of sound is the extinguishing of a lighted candle by pure *noise*. Professor Tyndall, in one of his experiments, places a lighted candle on a table, at the end of the tube, supported on bracket holders, resting on the table. The end of the tube near the candle is small and pointed. The other end is large and open. By clapping two books together at the large end, Professor Tyndall extinguishes the candle at the other end. "Pooh!" says an over-intelligent reader, "that is nothing. It is simply blowing out a candle through a pipe." No such thing, super-sagacious critic, as Professor Tyndall proceeds to prove. He burns a piece of brown paper in the tube, filling it with smoke. Now if the candle be put out by a blow, smoke will issue from the pointed end of the tube. Again Professor Tyndall claps the books. Again the candle goes out; but no smoke comes out of the pointed end of the tube. Whatever has put out the candle has *passed through* the air and smoke in the tube. The light is extinguished by a *pulse* and not a *puff*. The candle is put out by sound—noise.

☞ A prominent Paris physician says that the practice of smoking half a dozen cigars daily will take five years from the life of any man.

☞ The hoax about Mr. Felix Earle's wife's four children at a birth, has been a serious annoyance to Mr. Earle, who is an industrious but not wealthy shoemaker, and utterly unable to entertain the hosts of visitors that have poured in upon his dwelling. The house has been besieged ever since the announcement was made.—*New York Paper.*

☞ Queen Isabella, of Spain, refuses any longer to patronize bull fights.

☞ Dr. Jackson used to say that houses should be built to eat and sleep in, but not to live in. To live at all one must live out of doors.

☞ The report that Robert Browning is to marry Jean Ingelow, is contradicted.

☞ It is a fine thing, as some one observes, to be set down in a great over-crowded hotel, where they do not know you, looking dusty, and for the moment shabby, with nothing but a carpet-bag in your hand, feeling tired and anything but clean, and hungry, and worried, and every way miserable and mean, and to undergo the appraising process of the gentleman in the office, who, while he shoves the book round to you for your name, is making a hasty calculation as to how high up he can venture to doom you.

☞ A gentleman in Geneva, New York, informs the Country Gentleman that he has kept his currant bushes entirely free of the currant worm, and his quinces of the borer, by the use of coal-ashes. The ground under the currant bushes was covered in the spring to the depth of five inches, and a mound was made about the stems of the quinces.

☞ Speaking of an election which was only for assessors, a country paper says that they elected only the first two syllables.

☞ Where the mouth is sweet and the eyes intelligent, there is always the look of beauty with a right observer.

### Revival of Lotteries.

The people of Philadelphia will remember with what surprise and indignation they learned, in April last, that a bill had been smuggled through the State Legislature, under which a number of lottery dealers, aided by other parties in this city, attempted to override the laws prohibiting lotteries in Pennsylvania. Even the members of the Legislature were surprised, and those from this city emphatically denied any and every knowledge of such an act, and to this day but one member and one Senator, out of one hundred and thirty-three, have been found who understood at the time that such a lottery scheme had been passed. There the act was, however, under the title of the "Gettysburg Asylum," &c., duly certified by the officers of both Houses, and approved by the Governor; and, under its provisions, a pretended organization was claimed to carry on a lottery scheme. As soon as the real objects of the promoters of this business became publicly known, an inquiry was made into the whole matter, when scandalous facts and illegal proceedings were disclosed, which brought down upon the scheme the full weight of public opinion and the interposition of the Attorney General of the state to put a stop to it. Mr. Brewster held their proceedings to be illegal and void, and instructed the State Treasurer to refuse the receipt of the money they tendered this officer, to enable them to commence their lottery operations. To this day they have no legal status as a corporation under the pretended meeting, where it was attempted to pass whatever franchise was granted by the act over to the custody of a body of well known lottery men. Their proceedings were thus brought to a stand-still for several months, and they are still in the hands of the law. Their lack of legal right to do anything whatever, much less to revive the demoralizing lottery trade in Pennsylvania, is to be decided upon by the Supreme Court of the State in January next. In response to the *quo warranto* filed by Attorney General Brewster, they have entered their pleas, to each of which the Attorney General has demurred, thus raising the broad question of their legal right to impose their scheme upon the public. But, notwithstanding this, the promoters and agents of the scheme are again industriously at work, and, we are informed, are flooding the interior towns with their circulars, in which, in defiance of all propriety and decency, they give prominence to the name of General Meade, as if he were acting in concert with them, while the fact is that he has opposed and repudiated the whole affair ever since they commenced their lottery operations, when he discovered the true character of the scheme. No loyal man or woman should be deceived by such tricks. The expedient of providing an asylum for invalid soldiers is but a cloak to enable a number of speculators to make large sums of money. According to the plan advertised in April last, out of about $12,000,000, the pitiful proportion of $1 in every $40 was to go to the professed asylum, and the other $11,700,000 were to be disposed of by the manipulators of the plan in their own way. From this the people of the interior towns, and of New York city, where the scheme seems to have effected a temporary lodgment, will be able to understand the exact amount of *patriotism* there was in the matter, when first exposed in these columns.

These affairs are all of one stripe. They are simply plans for getting large amounts of money out of credulous people for the benefit of a few crafty operators. Men who have worthless or unsaleable lands or goods put them up as "gifts" in these lotteries, and are thus enabled to get for them two, three, ten or twenty times their real value. Men who get possession of old barracks of buildings or shells of dwelling houses, put up these "mansions" as splendid "gifts," and thus realize more for them than if they were properties of first-class value. And in the same way, men who have flashy jewelry for which they want an enormous price set them up as "gifts" for the benefit of the soldiers. This is the bottom plank in the "patriotism" of them all. If we are to have the lottery business again in operation in this state, with all its pernicious tendencies, let the Commonwealth at least have the pecuniary benefit of the business, so as to enable her to defray the damages that will result in the increase of povery, misery, pauperism and crime. The franchise claimed by the Gettysburg Asylum Lottery men last April was worth millions of dollars, and if put up at public auction would have brought many times the amount they propose to dole out for an asylum. If an asylum is to be built in this way, let it be done *openly*, by authority of undoubted law, and so that the invalid soldiers will be sure to reap the major part of the benefit and not a beggarly *fortieth* part; and if the Legislature *must* legalize this species of gambling, it should make those who claim such a princely privilege pay into the Treasury some of the many millions the privilege is worth to them.—*Public Ledger.*

☞ A Philadelphia boy has invented a process for the rapid and extensive manufacture of turtle soup. This is the formula: "Pour a quart of water into a panful of hash."

☞ Fun represents a six year old in Knickerbockers seated in a barber's chair, and to him the hairdresser: "Well, my little gentleman, and how would you like your hair cut?" Charlie—"O, like papa's please,—with a little round hole on the top."

☞ What perils ladies will encounter to be in the fashion! They are generally supposed to show timidity in the presence of wild cattle, but they would rather face a mad bull than not have their dresses gored.

☞ An Irish absentee is said to have sent this comforting message to his steward: "Tell the tenants that no threats to shoot you will terrify me."

☞ The Augusta Journal tells a story to the effect that a young man entered one of the banks in that city and hesitatingly inquired if Miss ———, to whom the chap said he was engaged, had any money in the bank, saying that "they-say" reported she had $100 there. The cashier politely referred him to the lady herself.

☞ Man is a discontented animal. Give him a house in the Fifth Avenue, and he'll sigh for the luxuries of a palace. Nothing, in short, will satisfy him on this earth, save a lot six feet by two in a cemetery.


## THE LADY'S FRIEND.

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### THE ANGEL OF SLEEP.

He droops his plumy, snow-soft wings,
He waves his balmy hand,
And wide the gate of silence swings
That guards the shadowy land.
Forgot is Time, the sentinel
That stands outside the door;
The gloomy trains of cares as well,
That clogged our steps before:
Oh river of oblivion!
Thy draughts are sweet and deep,
For memory slumbers on her throne,
Rocked by the angel Sleep!

There is a face whose loveliness
Is marred by hues of care,
But Sleep has swept it with his kiss,
And made it smooth and fair.
There is a worn and weary brain,
That rests until the morn!
There is a heart which beats with pain,
That feels no more forlorn.
Oh Death's fair brother! how divine
Must be that slumber deep,
More sweet, more calm, more free than thine,
When at life's close we sleep.

☞ The "Gazette des Estrangeres" of Paris says, "Mlle. Adelina Patti has no thought of marrying, and she believes she violates no propriety in thus giving the most formal contradiction to the falsest conjectures. She is betrothed only to art."

☞ The forests in France are under the care of the Government, and under the new laws for their protection they have increased nearly one million of acres. Less than one-sixth of the area of the kingdom is covered with wood land, while it is estimated that from 20 to 25 per cent. of a country should be covered with forest in order to secure uniformly good crops. Our forests, now disappearing, demand the attention of Government.

☞ In an advertisement for a young gentleman who left his parents, it is stated that "If Master Jacky will return to his disconsolate parents he shall not be sent to school, and he shall sweeten his own tea."

☞ It was the saying of a heathen that he who would do good must either have a faithful friend to instruct him, or a watchful enemy to correct him.

☞ The Lowell Courier calls the parting of young ladies much adieu about nothing.

☞ On some of the Western prairies which have been considered uninhabitable for want of fuel, peat is found that can be pressed by machinery into good fuel.

☞ The author of the "Guide du Ceremonial" says that it is the proper thing for a gentleman on marrying a widow before the expiration of her mourning, to put on mourning for his lamented predecessor.

☞ If the best time to engage in a business is when others are leaving it, the present is a good time to buy sheep, says J. Harris, in the Agriculturist.

☞ A. M. Ward, New Britain, Ct., informs the New York Farmer's Club, that if cider as it comes from the press is brought to a gentle *scald* only, barrelled and bunged tight, it will keep sweet, and the last drawn will be as good as the first.

☞ Horace Greeley says he fell in love while he and the object of his adoration were eating Graham bread. Of course he would not take any but her.

☞ A recent number of the Pall Mall Gazette, speaking of a sentence which was mysteriously left out of the Pan-Anglican address, laments that "it *contains* such an *omission*."

☞ In Greece there is a strange state of things. Incredible as it may appear, the Greeks are thinking seriously of proclaiming a republic, and then proposing to become a part of the American Union! They would propose to us to receive them as three new states, on equal terms with the old states. No you don't, gentlemen. We have got our hands full already.

### English Children.

Let us take a drive through some of the streets of London. As we stand waiting in the hall for a cab, the governess passes us with her charge. She is a bonnie-looking, lady-like girl, neatly dressed in drab-colored merino, and by the clatter they all make, the troup is well-supplied with thick-soled, heavy boots. They are going for their three or four mile walk. There is a park opposite, where they might ramble and play; but as the father says they must get out of sight of the house, out of the way of familiar surroundings; so *twice* a day they are sent off, and never *do* less than their two miles, except in rainy weather. There's the kind of training to make blush-roses bloom on each hearty, healthy face. No wonder Englishmen and English women look ruddy and strong, in spite of their ale, when one sees such foundations laid.

The little children are only manly, only womanly, so-called, in one thing; and that is politeness. Well-bred children in England may well be termed little ladies and gentlemen, "I beg your pardon," and "I am giving you too much trouble, I fear," are so ready on their little six-year-old tongues! they express themselves so well, and so gracefully! I imagine they are taught more reverence for their elders than is customary in other countries. They are never shamed-faced or skulking, and their wholesome countenances are as good to look at as pictures.

### A Model Woman.

Rev. H. L. Wayland, in a paper discussing the question of extending the employments of women, says, "I know one lady (I use the singular number not unadvisedly,) and she was not compelled by her circumstances, who makes housekeeping an art, who studies chemistry and physiology, that she may adapt her table to the comfort and health of her family; who is the mistress of her servants, not their unpaid dependent; who knows when the work of the house is done, and if it is not done, is able to show the servants the reason of their failure; and, with all this, she is not a drudge, with a soul confined to pots and pans, but a sensible, pleasing and truly religious woman, who, while enhancing the happiness of her family and doubling the income of her husband, alike by reducing his expenses and freeing his mind from vexing cares, yet is also reading the best books, is serving God, and dispensing charity to man. One such woman I know; pray, how many do you know?"

☞ The Massachusetts Liquor Laws are to be treated as a nullity, in consequence of the result of the recent election in that state. The Governor of the state has given instructions that no more liquor seizures shall be made, and the chief constable has issued an order to that effect, stating that it is in accordance with instructions from headquarters, and the will of the people as expressed at the late elections.

☞ Thaddeus Stevens is out in a long letter, advocating the payment of the principal of the Five-Twenties in greenbacks.

☞ Under the recent decision of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, cars were run on several of the city railroads in Philadelphia on Sunday, and were well patronized, especially about church time.

☞ God only spares those of whom he can make nothing, says the Abbe Desjardins, as the architect does not cut the stones which he cannot use for building.

☞ A machine for removing the stones from cherries, at the rate of one hundred a minute, is noticed as a recent invention. The New York Evening Post, commenting on this, says that a machine for boning shad would also be popular, and hopes soon to hear of one.

☞ In the house owned by Mrs. Lincoln at Springfield, Illinois, in a glass frame, is set a piece of Laura Kean's dress which she wore on the stage on the evening of the President's assassination. It bears a portion of the deep, dark, crimson stain which she received as she supported the President's head in her arms when she hastened from the stage to the box where he fell.

☞ Miss Flite's case has a parallel in France. A certain Mlle. Solix has been haunting courts of law for thirty years, claiming a large property. She was stigmatized as a monomaniac, but persevered, and now gets judgment for a million and a half francs.

☞ Several nice young gentlemen went to the residence of a young damsel to give her a serenade. After some time the servant stepped out, and walked up to the harpist, exclaimed—"My friends, the folks are all abed; *you can't get a cent here to-night!*"

☞ It is stated that boxes of common house flies have been exported to New Zealand by the English settlers to exterminate the native New Zealand blue bottle.

☞ The rock ahead—What a young husband foresees when the cradle is brought home.

☞ Rome has a population of 215,573.

☞ Miss Dr. Major Mary A. Walker is on the stump in Northern New York. She favors an "advanced" position in politics.

☞ TREES AND GRASS GOING WEST.—It is curiously asserted by old settlers, that as emigration and "the star of empire" take their way Westward, so also do grass and trees, in advance of them. Five hundred miles west of Atchison the country is barren and arid. But it is said that the soil and grass gradually creep westward over the barren land, at the rate of about two miles a year. The forest follows a long way behind, but just as surely.

☞ Eight large iron-works are enumerated by the Mobile Tribune, as situated at various places in the state of Alabama. Nearly all were begun during the rebellion, and were stimulated by rebel government contracts.

☞ Marriages are decreasing in Boston. Cause—increased cost of living in wedded life, and cosy resorts for young men. Not three per cent. of the young men of that city, dependent directly on their daily labor, can afford to get married.

☞ To clean cider barrels the Scientific American says, put lime water and a common trace chain into the barrel through the bung hole, first tieing a strong twine to the chain to draw it out with. Shake the barrel about until the chain wears off the mould or pomac, then rinse well with water.

*From the Methodist, New York City, June 20th.*

ECONOMY.—It has been noted by the commercial papers, as of much importance to consumers, that two full cargoes of new teas have been purchased very low, and are offered to families nearly at cost. It will be well for families to secure a few pounds of these teas soon, as the Great American Tea Company, 31 and 33 Vesey street, who hold them, are selling immense quantities, and at cheap prices.

MESSRS. MASON & HAMLIN occupy the first position in the United States as manufacturers of the Cabinet Organ, and their success is not to be wondered at when we consider the good qualities and practical advantages of their organs. The tone is of a pure, mellow quality, possessing a fullness and depth not found in other instruments of the same class.

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### THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—There has been more doing. 650 bbls of winter wheat family sold for shipment at $11; 900 bbls of northwest family at $10@10,75; 1000 bbls of extra at $8,75@9, and 500 bbls, in lots to the retailers and bakers, at $7,50@7,75 for superfine; $8,75@9,50 for extra; $10@11 for low grade and fancy northwest extra family; $11@12,75 for common and choice Penna and Ohio family, and $12@14 ₩ bbl for fancy brands, according to quality. Rye Flour is selling at $8,50@9 ₩ bbl.

GRAIN—Prime Wheat continues in fair demand; 20,000 bus red sold, in lots, including common at $2,20@2,25; fair to good do at $2,25@2,45; prime at $2,50, and choice at $2,55@2,58, according to quality. Rye is in fair demand; 1000 bus sold at $1,35@1,36 ₩ bus, the latter rate for prime Penna. Corn: 37,000 bus prime yellow sold at $1,26@1,28; 40,000 bus Western mixed at $1,25@1,27, and 7000 bus new yellow at $1@1,15. Oats: 30,000 bus, sold, in lots, from 65 to 75c ₩ bus, the latter rate for bright Penna.

PROVISIONS—There has been very little doing. Pork commands $25,50 for Mess; $21 for prime do; and $20 for prime. Bacon—Sales of Hams at 18@20c; Sides are taken in lots at 16½@17½c, and Shoulders at 13c. Green Meats—Sales of pickled Hams at 16c, and Shoulders, in salt, at 11@11½c. Lard—Sales in tes and bbls at 12½@13½c, and kegs at 14@14½c. Butter—Sales of old at 14@20c; new at 29@30c; and roll at 25@37c. Cheese—Sales at 12@16c. Eggs sell at 34@36c per doz.

COTTON—The market has been very dull. About 500 bales of Middlings sold at 18@18½c for Uplands, and 19@19½c ₩ lb for New Orleans.

FRUIT—Dried Apples sell at 8@8¾c. Dried Peaches—Sales of quarters at 8@8¾c, and halves at 10@10½c ₩ lb. Dried Blackberries sell at 11@11½c. Pared Peaches range at from 15 to 23c ₩ lb. Green Apples sell at from $4 to $6 ₩ bbl.

SEEDS—Cloverseed has been in fair demand; 1500 bus sold in lots from $6,50 up to $7,87½, the latter for choice. Timothy—600 bus sold at $2,50@2,60. Flaxseed sells, on arrival, at $2,45@2,50 ₩ bus.

### PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2000 head. The prices realized from 8@8½ cts ₩ lb. 200 Cows brought from $45 to 75 ₩ head. Sheep—600 head were disposed of at from 6@6½ cts ₩ lb. 2500 Hogs sold at from $9,00 to 10,00 ₩ 100 lbs.


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When you have added to these EIGHT profits as many brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, and add the original cost of the Tea, it will be perceived what the consumer has to pay. And now we propose to show why we can sell so very much lower than other dealers.

We propose to do away with all these various profits and brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages and waste, with the exception of a small commission paid for purchasing to our correspondents in China and Japan, one cartage, and a small profit to ourselves—which, on our large sales, will amply pay us.

By our system of supplying Clubs throughout the country, consumers in all parts of the United States can receive their Teas at the same prices (with the small additional expense of transportation) as though they bought them at our warehouses in the city.

Some parties inquire of us how they shall proceed to get up a club. The answer is simply this: Let each person wishing to join in a club, say how much tea or coffee he wants, and select the kind and price from our Price List, as published in the paper or in our circulars. Write the names, kinds, and amounts plainly on a list, as seen in the Club Order published below, and when the club is complete send it to us by mail, and we will put each party's goods in separate packages, and mark the name upon them, with the cost, so there need be no confusion in their distribution—each party getting exactly what he orders, and no more. The cost of transportation the members can divide equitably among themselves.

Parties sending Club or other orders for less than thirty dollars had better send Post-office drafts, or money with their orders, to save the expense of collections by express; but larger orders we will forward by express, to collect on delivery.

Hereafter We will send a complimentary package to the party getting up the CLUB. Our profits are small, but we will be as liberal as we can afford. We send no complimentary package for Clubs of less than $30.

Parties getting their Teas from us may confidently rely upon getting them pure and fresh, as they come direct from the Custom House stores to our warehouses.

We warrant all the goods we sell to give entire satisfaction. If they are not satisfactory they can be returned at our expense within 30 days, and have the money refunded.

The Company have selected the following kinds from their stock, which they recommend to meet the wants of Clubs. They are sold at Cargo Prices, the same as the Company sell them in New York, as the list of prices will show.

PRICE LIST OF TEAS:

OOLONG (Black), 70c., 80c., 100c., best $1 ₩ lb.
MIXED (Green and Black), 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ₩ lb.
ENGLISH BREAKFAST (Black), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 20 ₩ lb.
IMPERIAL (Green), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best, $1 25 ₩ lb.
YOUNG HYSON (Green), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ₩ lb.
UNCOLORED JAPAN, 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ₩ lb.
GUNPOWDER (Green), $1 25, best $1 50 ₩ lb.

**Coffees Roasted and Ground Daily.**

GROUND COFFEE, 20c., 25c., 30c., 35c., best 40c per lb. Hotels, Saloons, Boarding-house Keepers, and Families who use large quantities of Coffee, can economize in that article by using our FRENCH BREAKFAST and DINNER COFFEE, which we sell at the low price of 40c. per pound, and warrant to give perfect satisfaction.

Consumers can save from 50c. to $1 per lb. by purchasing their Teas of the

**GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.,**
Nos. 31 and 33 VESEY STREET.
Post-office Box, 5643 New York City.

**CLUB ORDER.**

Edwards, St. Lawrence Co., N. Y., June 3, 1867.

To the Great American Tea Company,
Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street, N. Y.

DEAR SIRS:—I herewith send you another order for Tea. The last was duly received, and gives general satisfaction. As long as you send us such good Tea, you may expect a continuation of our patronage. As a further evidence that the subscribers were satisfied, you will observe that I send you the names of all those that sent before who were near out of Tea, with a large addition of new subscribers. Accept my thanks for the complimentary package. Ship this as the other, and oblige. Your ob't servant,
DAVID C. McKEE.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 4 lbs. | Japan | J. Havens | at $1 25 | $5 00 |
| 5 do | do | do | at 1 00 | 5 00 |
| 1 do | Gunpowder | do | at 1 50 | 1 50 |
| 1 do | Japan | S. Curtis | at 1 25 | 1 25 |
| 2 do | Young Hyson | do | at 1 00 | 2 00 |
| 1 do | Japan | N. Shaw | at 1 00 | 1 00 |
| 1 do | Young Hyson | do | at 1 00 | 1 00 |
| 3 do | do | R. McCargen | at 1 25 | 3 75 |
| 2 do | Green | do | at 1 25 | 2 50 |
| 4 do | do | Wm. Barnford | at 1 25 | 5 00 |
| 1 do | Gunpowder | A. H. Perkins | at 1 50 | 1 50 |
| and 10 others—total | | | | $51 65 |

N. B.—All villages and towns where a large number reside, by clubbing together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one-third (beside the Express charges), by sending directly to "The Great American Tea Company."

BEWARE of all concerns that advertise themselves as branches of our Establishment, or copy our name either wholly or in part, as they are *bogus or imitations*. We have no branches, and do not, in any case, authorize the use of our name.

POST-OFFICE orders and drafts make payable to the order of The Great American Tea Company. Direct letters and orders to

**GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY,**
**Nos. 31 and 33 VESEY ST.,**
NEW YORK.
Post office Box, 5643 New York City.

**BELLS.**
**TROY BELL FOUNDRY.**

CHURCH BELLS,
*Chimes and Bells of all Sizes for* Churches, Factories, Academies, Steamboats, Plantations, Locomotives, &c.
Made of Pure Bell Metal,
(Copper and Tin.)
HUNG WITH PATENT ROTARY MOUNTINGS, THE BEST IN USE.
*FULLY WARRANTED.*
FOR CIRCULARS ADDRESS,
JONES & CO., Troy, N. Y.
aug30-1y

**PENNSYLVANIA CENTRAL RAILROAD**

WINTER TIME, TAKING EFFECT NOV. 3d, 1867.

The trains of the Pennsylvania Central R. R. leave the Depot, at 21st and Market Streets, which is reached directly by the Market Street Cars, the last car connecting with each train leaving Front and Market Streets thirty minutes before its departure. The Chestnut and Walnut Street cars run within one square of the Depot.

ON SUNDAYS—The Market Street cars leave Front and Market Streets 55 minutes before the departure of each train.

SLEEPING CAR TICKETS can be had on application at the Ticket Office, North-West corner of Ninth and Chestnut Streets, and at the Depot.

AGENTS OF THE UNION TRANSFER COMPANY will call for and deliver baggage at the Depot. Orders left at No. 901 Chestnut Street, No. 116 Market Street, or No. 4 South Eleventh Street, will receive attention.

TRAINS LEAVE DEPOT, VIZ.:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| MAIL TRAIN | 8.00 | A.M. |
| FAST LINE | 12.00 | M. |
| ERIE EXPRESS | 12.00 | " |
| PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 1 | 1.00 | P.M. |
| HARRISBURG ACCOMMODATION | 2.30 | " |
| LANCASTER ACCOMMODATION | 4.00 | " |
| PARKESBURG TRAIN | 5.00 | " |
| CINCINNATI EXPRESS | 8.00 | " |
| PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 2 | 9.00 | " |
| ERIE MAIL | 11.15 | " |
| PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS | 11.15 | " |
| ACCOMMODATION | 11.30 | " |

Erie Mail leaves daily, except Saturday.
Philadelphia Express leaves daily. All other trains daily, except Sunday.

THE WESTERN ACCOMMODATION TRAIN runs daily, except Sunday. For this train tickets must be procured, and baggage delivered by 5.00 P.M., at 116 Market Street.

TRAINS ARRIVE AT DEPOT, VIZ.:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| CINCINNATI EXPRESS | 1.10 | A.M. |
| PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS | 7.10 | " |
| PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 1 | 8.20 | " |
| ERIE MAIL | 9.05 | " |
| FAST LINE | 9.05 | " |
| PARKESBURG TRAIN | 9.40 | " |
| LANCASTER TRAIN | 1.10 | P.M. |
| ERIE EXPRESS | 1.10 | " |
| DAY EXPRESS | 6.20 | " |
| PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 2 | 7.10 | " |
| HARRISBURG ACCOMMODATION | 9.50 | " |

For further information, apply to
JOHN C. ALLEN, Ticket Agent, 901 Chestnut St.
FRANCIS FUNK, Ticket Agent 116 Market St.
SAMUEL H. WALLACE, Ticket Agent, at the Depot.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Co. will not assume any risk for Baggage, except for Wearing Apparel, and limit their responsibility to One Hundred Dollars in value. All Baggage exceeding that amount in value, will be at the risk of the owner, unless taken by special contract.

EDWARD H. WILLIAMS,
ap7-tf Gen'l. Sup., Altoona, Pa.

**PRINCE & CO'S.**
**AUTOMATIC ORGANS AND MELODEONS.**
Forty thousand are now in use
BUFFALO, N.Y. CHICAGO, ILL.
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The LOWE PRINTING PRESSES are the best and cheapest portable Card and Job Presses ever invented. Price of an Office with Press—$15, $30, $20. Send for a circular to the LOWE PRESS CO., 22 Water St., Boston. je15-6m

**CARPENTERS**

Send for Catalogue of New and Practical Architectural Works, enclosing stamp. A. J. BICKNELL, Troy, New York. nov9-4t

**THE BOWEN MICROSCOPE,**

Magnifying 300 *times*, *mailed* for 50 CENTS. THREE *for* $1.00. Address P. P. BOWEN,
de17-tf Box 220, Boston, Mass.

TRUE, BUT STRANGE.—Any person sending us their address, with 20 cents, will receive, by mail, the Name and a Carte de Visite of their future Wife or Husband. REEVES & CO., 78 Nassau St., New York. oct26-3m

AGENTS WANTED!—MALE OR FEMALE, in all parts of the United States, to sell "**Abbott's Lives of the Presidents,**" one of the best books for agents ever published in this country. The work is finely illustrated, complete in one volume, ready for subscribers, and sells splendidly. Address B. B. RUSSELL & CO.,
nov9-4t Boston, Mass.

WANTED—Salesmen to Travel and sell Goods by sample. Good wages and steady employment. Address, with stamp,
HAMILTON, PERRY & CO.,
oct5-3m Cleveland, Ohio.

50 NEW AND VALUABLE RECEIPTS. Any one of which is worth $1. Sent to any address on receipt of 50 cents.
Address C. W. CARLISLE,
nov9-ow8t P. O. Drawer 13, Bloomington, Ills.

$100 A MONTH SALARY will be paid for Agents, male or female, in a new, pleasant, permanent business; full particulars *free* by return mail, or sample retailing at $4.50 for 50 cents. A. D. BOWMAN & CO., 48 Broad Street, New York.
[Clip out and return this notice.] oct12-3m

250 VALUABLE RECEIPTS, BEAUtiful arts, ways to make money, new discoveries, choice secrets, &c., sent free for 5 cents.
Address HARRISON & CO.,
oct26-3m Vernon, New Jersey.

WHISKERS!—A heavy Beard is warranted in five weeks by using Russell's Italian Compound. Sent closely sealed from curious eyes for 50 cents. RUSSELL & CO., Watertown, New York.
oct19-3m

## WIT AND HUMOR.

### A Promising Candidate.

Mr. Frank Duffy, having been defeated for the Assembly in New York, is now up for Alderman. He promises a great many things if elected, and arranges his promises backwards, because those who are backward in promises are generally foremost in performances. He says:

*Sixteenth*—I will have toll-gates put at every corner, and all the old men in the ward to attend them, and all the old women to help the old men.

*Fifteenth*—I will have railroads running through every street, and have every young man that wants a job made a conductor, and he must pay himself.

*Fourteenth*—I will have steam engines put on every block, and every man that is out in the cold shall be taken in and cared for.

*Thirteenth*—I shall have the old police reorganized, and all that are left unprovided for shall be made roundsmen and sergeants.

*Twelfth*—I shall have four school-houses on every block, and all the young ladies shall be made school-teachers.

*Eleventh*—I shall have a Board of Marriage Commissioners appointed, salary 1,000 dollars a day, to see that every person, that wants to, gets married and goes to housekeeping on the 5th Avenue.

*Tenth*—I shall have a Board of Commissioners appointed, salary 1,000 dollars a day, to see that every couple that is married shall have a baby, and the baby's name shall be, if a boy, Frank Duffy, and if a girl, Frances Duffy.

*Ninth*—I will have a dock built at every man's door that wants one, and he shall be dockmaster when his wife is in at her neighbors, showing her new "love of a bonnet."

*Eighth*—I will have a Board of Commissioners appointed, salary 800 dollars a day, to see that all the little boys and girls wash their feet, and put their father's or mother's pipe in its proper place before going to bed.

*Seventh*—I will have a Board of Commissioners appointed, salary 800 dollars *a night*, to see that all the cats, dogs, rats, and mice, shall go to bed, or to sleep, before 9 at night.

*Sixth*—I shall have a court-house built on every vacant lot in my district, and every man, woman, and child shall be a commissioner, and they shall have a salary of 1,900 dollars a day, work or play.

*Fifth*—I will have a Board of Faro, Old Sledge, or Gambling Commissioners appointed, salary 5,000 dollars a day, to see that every man that goes in with 50 cents comes out with 50,000 dollars.

*Fourth*—I will organize a protective society for the protection of policy players, so that whenever they play they will win.

*Third*—I will have five Boards of Commissioners, supervisors or revisers appointed, salary 10,000 dollars a day, to see that all the other boards attend to their business, and do the fair thing by the dear people.

*Second*—I shall see that the ladies shall have all they want, such as diamonds and pearls, emeralds, rubies, corals, jets, with plenty of dangles, silks, satins, delaines, and cambric linens, and those that like work, such as book-binders, hat-trimmers, plush-sewers, artificial flower makers, seamstresses, dress-makers, card-cutters, envelope makers, cotton spinners, shoe binders, servant maids, wet and dry nurses, chambermaids, cooks, pantaloon, vest and cap makers, milliners, worsted workers, sewing-machine workers, hoop-skirt makers, and print colors, compositors, hair-dressers, maids-of-all work, and though last, not least, washer-women shall always have plenty to do.

*First*—I shall see that all the Sunday-school teachers, jewelers, tin and copper smiths, bookbinders, pressmen, cutters, crimpers, caulkers, moulders, cigar-makers, coopers, carpenters, cartmen, candy-makers, clock-makers, coachmen, blacksmiths, boiler-makers, butchers, bakers, bar-keepers, machinists, hatters, tailors, grocery, dry-goods and drug clerks, millers, distillers, weavers, painters, glaziers, glass-cutters, engineers, shoemakers, fiddlers, fifers, drummers, hardware clerks, stablemen, musicians, oystermen, tanners, doctors, pawnbrokers, house agents, fishermen, saw makers, chowder makers and eaters, turners, feed-men, horse-shoers, coal heavers, thatchers, grain and salt measurers, stevedores, temperance preachers and newspaper men, printers, actors, supes, policemen, barbers, pilots, deck hands, sail-makers, riggers, licensed venders, 'longshoremen, peddlers, charcoal-men, laborers, and last, undertakers, shall never be out of or want a day's work.

If Duffy is not elected, after all this, New York must be an ungrateful place.

### The Power of Imagination.

Billy Smith is a carriage-maker in the shop of Pulford & Co., in our village. Billy is a genius, as the gorgeous red and yellow stripes on Pulford's wagons show; and while counterfeiting nature one day, for his own amusement in the rear of the shop, his mind happened to run on the subject of rotten eggs, and forthwith one of those interesting objects appeared on the board beneath his magical brush. It was represented as broken, and was so natural that an observer might fancy that it caused a disagreeable odor. The picture remained there for some time, all who had occasion to go that way not caring to disturb a thing so forbidding to the delicate senses of the nasal protuberance. One day Squire M——— saw it and applied his fingers to his nose. Billy saw him, and explained to him that it was merely paint. At first he would hardly believe, but finally convinced, he offered Billy ten dollars to paint a similar one on his door step. The squire was something of a wag, and wished to see the effect produced on the ladies and gentlemen who had been invited to a party at his house that evening.

Billy received ten dollars, and promised to have the painting ready in time.

Evening arrived, and so did the ladies and gentlemen; and as each in succession passed over Billy's painting, they elevated their feet and skirts, and, applying their perfumed handkerchiefs to their noses, wondered if the squire was aware of the presence of that frightful thing on his door step.

The party progressed, and the rotten egg was the subject of much remark. Squire M——— heard and felt jolly over the success of his little practical joke. When everybody was chatting at the table after supper, and not a few of them about the "apparition" at the door, the squire arose, and uttering a preliminary "hem!" said:

"I suppose you all saw *that* on my door step, didn't you?"

Everybody assented, some of the females uttered a little scream, and all of that sex fanned themselves vigorously. The squire resumed:

"I had that placed there to illustrate the power of imagination, as I'll show you, if you'll adjourn to the door."

All went.

"Now," said the squire, taking out his snowy pocket-handkerchief, "you will see that this is not what you supposed it was, but merely a painting." And he pressed the handkerchief on the "illustrated" spot, then raised it suddenly to his nose. "By Jupiter!" he exclaimed, "it's a rotten egg, after all!"

Billy had taken the ten dollars, and broken a *bona fide* rotten egg on the door step.

SPORT IN THE HONEYMOON.

(EMILY LOVES TO SEE DEAR CHARLES SHOOT, BUT IS A LITTLE AFRAID OF A GUN.)

CHARLES (not quite in good humor).—"Now, dear, if you will hold on by a tree, instead of my coat, perhaps it won't be a miss this time!"

JURISDICTION.—A justice of the peace discharged the onerous duties of that office in the Grande Ronde Valley, in Montana, when it was first settled in 1861. A party brought a suit for divorce. When the case came up for trial, the defendant pleaded the want of the jurisdiction. The justice put on his specs, and after careful examination of the statute, concluded that he had jurisdiction in all cases where the value of the property did not exceed one hundred dollars. So he told the plaintiff he would have to file an affidavit stating that his wife and children did not exceed the value of one hundred dollars, which was done, and the divorce forthwith granted.

### PREMIUM SEWING-MACHINE.

One of the kind that a man can love,
That wears a shawl and a soft kid glove;
Has the merriest eye and the daintiest foot,
And sports the charmingest gaiter boot;
And a bonnet with feathers, ribbons and
loops,
And an indefinite number of hoops.

One that can dance, and possibly—flirt,
And make a pudding as well as a shirt;
One that can sing without dropping a stitch,
And play the house-wife, lady, or witch;
Ready to give us the sagest advice,
And do up our collars and things so nice.

We like the sort that can laugh and talk,
And take our arm for an evening walk;
That will do whatever the owner may
choose,
With the slightest perceptible turn of the
screws;
'Tis the cleverest thing that ever was seen,
Our wonderful family sewing-machine.

## AGRICULTURAL.

### Uses of Oil in Wool.

All persons who know anything about wool, admit that it must be oily during its growth in order to be good; and that is merely admitting that Nature, in a perfect understanding of the work which she undertakes, has always placed it there.

It is precisely so with the hair of the horse, ox, and cow, and probably is with all animals who have the pleasure of wearing hair which takes root in themselves.

This oil was undoubtedly intended, not *primarily*, as supposed by some, for the health of the animal, but *for the especial benefit of the wool*. If the wool had not needed the presence of the oil, there would have been no oil glands to secrete it; but as the glands are there, and as the wool does need their co-operation, the health of the animal will be impaired if the functions of those glands are suspended.

The oil in wool serves two purposes at least. First, the same that it serves the common hen, the mink and other fur-covered animals that live both in and out of the water—that is, as a *protection against moisture*; and this is a very important consideration, especially to those sheep whose careless owners permit them to remain without shelter through cold north-east storms.

Secondly, the oil is *indispensable* in the production of the best wool. It keeps it soft, pliable, lustrous and strong, with all its beautiful parts, barbed sides, and serrated edges, perfectly developed. It is elastic and pleasant to the touch, instead of being dry and harsh.

There is nothing much easier for many people than to ride a "hobby," and to ride it unmercifully, too; and here is a sample of it. In the Ohio Farmer of August 3, there is a considerable portion of an essay put forth by the wool-growers of Coshocton Co., in which the following is the leading expression:—"*Rams for coupling should throw out as much oil as possible, the more the better*," and among other things it is stated that this oil tends to keep the wool "clean." Both remarks are extravagant, and injurious to the wool-grower, and wool manufacturer, too.

All the oil that is neccesary is just what is sufficient for the purposes which we have mentioned above, namely, protection against moisture, and to render the wool soft, pliable, healthy, lustrous and strong; all beyond that is a production which draws upon the physical powers of the sheep, and adds an element which is not only useless in itself, but one which subjects the manufacturer to a heavy cost to *get rid of* before he can work up the wool.

It is only a few days since we were conversing with a manufacturer upon the condition of the business at present, cost of wools, wool-growing, &c., &c. Among other remarks which he made, this was especially remembered: "We purchase no wool of ——— if we can possibly avoid it." Why not? "Because the shrinkage is so great on account of oil and dirt that it is more expensive than any other wool in the market. Besides this, there is a cost of five or six per cent. for chemicals to extract these substances before the wool goes to the cards. The oil must all be extracted, or the yarn will not take colors."

This is not the first time we have heard some of our most experienced and intelligent manufacturers say that they never desire to see a pound of wool from one of our finest wool-producing states, and it is entirely owing to the oil and dirt introduced by "riding a hobby." They have bred to oil and dirt until they have turned the attention of customers another way. If those customers are in the West, they, too, in turn, will drive manufacturers to South America, the Cape, or somewhere else for their supplies.

The merino sheep may be bred to produce this peculiar oil or yolk in a most remarkable degree. We have seen the fleece of a French merino so full of it that when laid upon the table—without any pressure upon it—the oil has run off from the table to the floor! It could be squeezed out by the hand! Such a fleece, or one only half as oily, is in a condition to catch and hold all the dust, chaff and fine seeds that come in contact with it. It creates a mass of filth which injures the wool and sometimes reaches a weight which becomes an intolerable burden for the sheep to bear.

The question is, how much of this oil is beneficial to the wool? Let us reason by analogy. How much is necessary to the human head, to the horse, cow, fowl, or any of God's creatures for whom He has provided it? Not much; hardly more than in an imperceptible degree. More than this is a burden, a waste of vital power, and twice an expense—first in the purchase, and secondly in getting rid of it.—*New England Farmer.*

### How Mules Came in Fashion.

Few of the farmers of this country are aware what a depth of gratitude they owe George Washington for the introduction of mules into general use for farm purposes.

Previous to 1783 there were but very few, and those of such an inferior order as to prejudice farmers against them as unfit to compete with horses in work upon the road or farm. Consequently there were no good jacks, and no disposition to increase the stock; but Washington became convinced that the introduction of mules generally among Southern planters would prove to them a great blessing, as they are less liable to disease, and longer lived, and work upon shorter feed, and are much less liable to be injured by careless servants than horses.

As soon as it became known abroad that the illustrious Washington desired to stock his Mount Vernon estate with mules, the King of Spain sent him a jack and two jennies from the royal stables, and Lafayette sent another jack and jennies from the island of Malta.

The first was of a gray color, sixteen hands high, heavily made, and of a sluggish nature. He was named the Royal Gift. The other was called the Knight of Malta; and was about as high, but lighter made, black color, and lithe and fiery, even to ferocity.

The two different sets of animals gave him the most favorable opportunity of making improvements by cross-breeding, the result of which was a favorite jack which he called Compound, because he partook of the best points in both of the original jacks. The General bred his blooded mares to these jacks, even taking those from his family coach for that purpose, and produced such superb mules, that the country was all agog to breed some of the same sort, and they soon became quite common. This was the origin of improved mules in the United States; though over seventy years since, there is no doubt there are now some of the third and fourth generation of Knight of Malta and Royal Gift to be found in Virginia, and the great benefits arising from their introduction to the country are to be seen upon almost every cultivated acre in the Southern states. Notwithstanding the enormous increase of late years, arising from a systematic course of breeding in the Northern states for the Southern market, mules were never more valuable than at present, or more ready of sale at high prices.

LONGEVITY OF MULES.—We have numerous reports of mules attaining the age of forty, fifty or sixty years, and Col. Middleton, of South Carolina, stated some years ago that he had one at work on his plantation eighty years old; and we have seen an account of a mule in Ireland certified to have been at work since 1707, making him over one hundred and fifty years old. This is, of course, a very uncommon age, but we are satisfied that, with proper usage, mules would commonly attain to about forty years, being serviceable to the last, and this should be counted as one of their elements of value. —*Facts for Farmers.*

## RECEIPTS.

STALE BREAD PUDDING.—Tie a loaf of stale bread in a cloth, and boil it an hour, serve with any kind of liquid pudding-sauce. This is very simple, and suited to delicate persons.

CORN MEAL PUDDING WITHOUT EGGS.—Take seven heaping tablespoonfuls of meal, half a teaspoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of butter (or one of butter and one of lard), one teacupful of molasses, two tablespoonfuls of ginger or cinnamon, and pour into this mixture a quart of boiling milk. Mix it well, and pour into a buttered dish. Just as you set it into the oven, stir in a teacupful of cold water, which will have the same effect as eggs. Bake for three-quarters of an hour.

HOW TO COOK COLD RABBIT.—Joint the meat, beat up two eggs with a little grated nutmeg, pepper and salt, some parsley minced fine, and some bread-crumbs. Dip the meat into the batter, sprinkle it with bread-crumbs, and have ready boiling some beef-dripping in a pan; in this fry the meat a light-brown color. Thicken a little gravy with flour, put a large spoonful of ketchup to it, lay the fry in a hot dish, pour the gravy round, not over it, and serve hot; garnish with lemon and toast. Cold leg of mutton, or cold turkey, is very good, dressed in this manner.

TO BROIL MUSHROOMS.—The largest are the best. Have a clear cinder fire; make the gridiron hot, and rub the bars with suet to prevent the mushrooms from sticking; place them also on the gridiron with their stalks upward; sprinkle them slightly with salt and a good shake of pepper, and serve them on a hot dish, with a little cold butter under and over them. When they begin to steam they are sufficiently done.

TO FRICASSEE MUSHROOMS.—Peel the mushrooms, which should be large, and broil them on a gridiron. When the outside is brown, put them into a stewpan with a little milk; when they have stewed ten minutes, add a spoonful of white wine and the same of browning; thicken it with butter and flour, and serve it up garnished with sippets.

PUMPKIN, APPLE AND PEAR BUTTER.—A correspondent of the Maryland Farmer gives his experience and practice in the manufacture of a kind of mock apple butter, which he says is an excellent article for family use, and more cheaply made than the old-fashioned apple butter. The ingredients for a five or six-pail kettle of butter are—2½ bushels of pared and sliced sweet pumpkins, the same amount of pared and cored Swaar apples, six quarts of molasses, two pounds of brown sugar, fifteen quinces and a shilling's worth of cinnamon. Having prepared the ingredients, put a pail of clean water in the kettle and add the pumpkin. Boil till fine, then add the apples gradually and stir to keep from burning. When done fine, mix the molasses in warm water and add to the butter. Continue stirring for a time and then add the sugar. When cooked about enough, add the cinnamon, and the work is done. The pumpkin is made to supply the place of cider, which now bears so high a price as to make the butter quite expensive. If there is a perceptible pumpkin taste, the addition of a little more molasses and sugar will serve to destroy it, while supplying a very desirable article for family consumption. When cider is used the pumpkin may be dispensed with, as it is only a substitute for that article.

TO RESTORE POLISH FOR MARBLE.—The best way of restoring the polish to a black marble chimney-piece is to cover it with a small quantity of oil, and after thoroughly rubbing it into the marble, to leave it for some hours, and afterwards polish it up with soft cloths or wash-leather.

☞ Lowell says that the attempt to get gold without earning it is a chase that brings some men to a four-in-hand on Shoddy Avenue, and some to the penitentiary.

☞ Truth, which is eternally the same, has nothing to fear from the operation of conflicting opinions. She lies upon her quiet bed, at the bottom of the sea, while the surface of the element that forms her gentle covering has perchance been agitated by many a naval conflict.

## THE RIDDLER.

### Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 8 letters.
My 1, 6, 7, 2, is what school boys try each other's courage with.
My 1, 2, 8, 7, is an animal.
My 1, 8, 4, 3, is a kind of timber.
My 1, 4, 5, is a bird.
My 1, 7, 4, 5, 3, is what lazy people often do.
My 1, 7, 2, 4, 7, is what life appears to some.
My 1, 8, 4, 1, is what certain animals become by immersion in water.
My 1, 4, 8, 3, is often very romantic.
My 2, 8, 8, is a species of the animal kingdom.
My 2, 6, 7, is what few would like to part with.
My 2, 3, 1, 8, 7, is an officer.
My 2, 5, 8, 7, is a vessel.
My 2, 1, 5, 6, 7, 1, is a man's name.
My 3, 6, 5, is what persons should seldom resort to.
My 3, 2, 4, 7, is one of Shakspeare's characters.
My 3, 6, 1, is generally inclined to be mischievous.
My 3, 4, 7, 1, is unctuous.
My 3, 6, 7, 4, is one of Byron's poems.
My 5, 6, 7, is a great evil.
My 6, 7, 8, is a verb.
My 8, 7, 6, is a portion of time.
My whole is a beautiful river.

W. H. MORROW.

*Irwin Station, Pa.*

### Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Required the least degree of velocity with which an iron ball of 100 pounds must be projected from the surface of the earth, at an angle of 30 degrees elevation, whereby it shall not return. METHOTO.

☞ An answer is requested.

### Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A travelled 106 miles, and then found that if he had not travelled so fast by two miles an hour he would have been 6 hours longer in performing the journey. How many miles did he travel per hour? W. H. M.

☞ An answer is requested.

### Conundrums.

☞ What young lady is most like a church? Ans.—Abby, of course.

☞ Where is the most sparking done and never enjoyed? Ans.—At a fire, when there is no insurance on it.

☞ Which has most legs, a horse or no horse? Ans.—No horse has five.

☞ If a toper and a gallon of whiskey were left together, which would be drunk first?

### Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—Time. DOUBLE GEOGRAPHICAL REBUS—Des Moines and Oskaloosa; (Dagsloro, Euphrates, Skunk, Malta, Orel, Isle, Grapo, Neosho, Ennis, Salamanca.

Answer to W. F. L. Sanders's PROBLEM of August 17th—Loss of 25-78 per cent. W. H. Sands.

Answer to W. H. Morrow's PROBLEM of August 31st—A had 15, and B had 5. W. H. Morrow; W. H. Sands; J. S. Phebus; and F. H.

Answer to E. P. Norton's PROBLEM of Sept. 7th—The distance between the oak and pine is 109,65856 yards; between the station and oak is 120; and station and pine 135 yards; and from the elm and the oak and pine 150 and 75,6637 yards. E. P. Norton. Oak to pine 100 yards; first station to oak 68.63 yards; first station to pine 121.29 yards; elm to oak 113.18 yards; elm to pine 69.35 yard. J. S. Phebus.

### A Tough Story.

Jake McGinnis lives out in Donega, and is noted for drawing a long bow. One day he had just stepped into the bar-room for his customary glass, when he was asked for a yarn. At first he declined, saying he could not think of one; but the offer of a drink sharpened his memory, and Jake related the following "stretcher:"—

"You are aware," he began, "that my father did a little in the drover's line, and I very often went with him to help him. Well, he once had a hundred cattle, and about twice as many turkeys, to drive three hundred miles. They were a very awkward drove, as you must know; and as he needed my assistance I accordingly accompanied him. Well, we drove them the three hundred miles in four days."

"What's that?" said one of the loafers; "three hundred miles in four days? That's too much of a good thing, Jake. Why, that would be seventy-five miles a day."

Jake, after a moment's reflection, thought his statement was rather steep, so he said, "But you see we drove night and day."

"But," interrupted another loafer, "did you have no trouble with the turkeys?"

"No," says Jake; "only they would go to roost every evening a little before dark."

"But," continued the interrogator, "how could you drive night and day when the turkeys went to roost before dark? That's rather mixed, Jake."

Jake perceived that he had made a blunder, but nothing daunted, he continued—

"You didn't hear me out. I didn't tell where they went to roost."

"Where did they roost, then?" inquired the loafer.

"Why, on the cattle's backs, of course," answered Jake, without even a smile.

☞ TOAST.—The London Spectator has a disquisition on "Toast," and arrives at the conclusion that it "is meant to be enjoyed for its own sake, and never to be lost in the excess of any foreign flavor." "We know nothing," says this authority on toast, "more discreditable to English manners, than the popularity in some quarters of that hybrid and spurious institution, 'buttered toast.'"